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EMMA HARDINGE.

WE learn from the *Banner of Light* (Boston, U. S. A.), that Miss Emma Hardinge proposed to embark for England, on August the 5th. Probably, therefore, before this reaches the reader's eye, she will have already arrived here. We are so largely indebted to America for our knowledge of Spiritualism, and for the mediums who demonstrate it in its modern aspects, that it is some satisfaction to us to know that in the person of this lady the old country has been, to some extent, the means of repaying the obligation. She has been one of the most gifted mediums and speakers and we may add, one of the most popular and successful advocates of Spiritualism on the American continent. After ten years' labour in the cause, during which she has been in most of the principal States, generally addressing large and enthusiastic audiences, she now returns to her native land, where we trust she will meet a hearty welcome, and find audiences as appreciative, though we can hardly expect them to be as numerous. We are proud of our countrywoman, and of the spirit, as well as of the cause in which she has laboured; and we think a brief memorial of her, taken, with some abridgment, from her "Farewell to her American Friends," will be acceptable and opportune. Her valedictory is kind and sad, and full of earnest and grateful feelings for "the precious chords of deep affection and strong sympathy that familiar personal intercourse has woven," and for the "land in which her spiritual birth" had taken place.

Her visit to New York, in 1855, was to fulfil a six months' engagement at the Broadway Theatre. But man proposes and God disposes, and Emma Hardinge has had to enact a part in the drama of life very different from any that she had anticipated. On her arrival in New York a difference between herself and the manager of the theatre soon became so decided, and its effects upon her prospects there so unfavourable, that she looked

anxiously forward to the time when she could return to England. In the meanwhile, partly for her own amusement, and partly in the hope of amusing others, by finding material for some racy articles illustrative of "Yankee notions," for certain journals in England to which she was a contributor, she suffered herself to be "taken to a strange unheard-of thing, or person"—she hardly knew which—called "a medium." At the medium's rooms she saw people sitting round a table, talking familiarly with *nothing*, at least, nothing visible, and that, in her judgment, was the same thing, and responded to by very rude and clumsy gyrations of the table. The people there seemed earnest, but they were of course deluded; so our would-be detective quietly directed her attention to the table, and though unable to discover the machinery by which it was moved, she *knew* it *must* be there. She was as confident on the point as Professors Faraday and Brewster. Why not? Her certainty rested on the same grounds, an inordinate conceit and intractable prejudices. In these respects girls are not much superior to philosophers. All however, on this occasion, passed on smoothly till a sentence was spelled out, *as they said*, she does not remember what, but which jarred with her religious feelings. The next moment she was in the street, resolving never again to visit a "spirit-circle," a resolution she kept for a whole week.

By that time a friend had so piqued her curiosity with the promise of revelations through the "raps," at the same time assuring her that they were rarely of a theological character, that she, not without dire misgivings, consented to accompany him to a Miss Ada Hoyt, a medium now of some celebrity in New York. Her experiences on this occasion were more fortunate than on the former one. Without entering into the detail of communications of a purely personal nature, and which could be of little interest to the general reader, she states—"I rose up after a two hours' *séance* with Miss Hoyt, having received all the ordinary tests of name, age, death, &c., &c., from almost every relative and friend I had in the spirit-world. And those obstinate, clear raps came, not only on the table and under it, but on the walls, my chair following my footsteps around the room, and in every conceivable way that could assure me they were not produced by machinery connected either with the table or the person of the medium. Thus far I was satisfied, that is to say, of the entire absence of any imposture or delusion.

"Miss Hoyt, to my inexpressible disgust, assured me that I was myself 'a great medium,' an expression reiterated through the raps by the invisibles; hence, as she asserted, the manifestations were more than usually clear and abundant; certain it is that the chief of my questions were unspoken, and, therefore, responded to by some intelligence capable of reading my mind.

This, together with the number of names and trivial circumstances of identity that were volunteered by the rappers, deprived me of the remotest chance of attributing the communications to the minds of any one present, including my own. This *séance* terminated with instructions for me 'to sit for communications' through myself—a proposition as startling to me as it was embarrassing, since the idea of putting myself in an attitude of preparation for the performances of *ghosts*, opened up to me a train of probabilities, beginning with the Witch of Endor, and concluding with the Devil and Dr. Faustus."

On returning home the confession of this second visit to a medium drew from her mother an emphatic declaration that if this investigation was persisted in they must part, as she would never consent to stay beneath the roof where such abominations were practised. Finding, however, that her daughter was more disposed to echo her sentiments than to oppose them, Mrs. Hardinge inquired the result of the weird interview she had just come from. "In answer," says Miss Hardinge, "I read her, without comment, the questions and answers that formed the *séance*, together with my notes, in full, of the whole scene, and then it was that plain common sense triumphed over bigotry and prejudice; the latter amiable qualities—with which, I believe, I was liberally endowed—blinded my eyes to the reasonableness of attributing all the mass of intelligence my notes revealed to its true source; but when my unprejudiced common-sense mother heard precious little sentences read, and tests rehearsed too clearly identical with her son, husband, father, and dearest relatives, to be by any possibility mistaken for others—and when by straightforward questions she succeeded in eliciting from me a perfect detail of the whole scene, her reason recognized the spiritual truth as the only solution of the problem, and after making me go over and over again the instructions I had received as to sitting at a table for development, she closed this chapter of my spiritual experience by placing a small table before me and herself and a young lady at that time visiting us, and whom she placed on the opposite side, and there, with our three pairs of hands solemnly spread out on the surface of the table, in awful silence, we sat '*waiting for the spirits.*'

"For many succeeding days, and at every available leisure moment, we continued this mystical arrangement, sometimes with our simple trio, and occasionally joined by other marvel-seekers of our own stamp. We were 'waiting for the spirits,' and as I imagined the only mode of obtaining spiritual communications was by raps or tips, and neither of these forms were manifested, so I deemed we waited in vain. Meantime I was perplexed and my friends alarmed by the singular effect of these sittings on myself. If the table did not move of itself, it kept up a perpetual



St. Vitus's dance in vibration to my own involuntary movements, especially of my restless, constantly twitching hands;—poundings, jerkings, grimacings, and all the formulæ of physical development succeeding each other with such violence and rapidity, that I should soon have come to the conclusion that I was completely bewitched, had I not fortunately received a visit from a gentleman well versed in these preliminary mediumistic eccentricities."

From this gentleman she learned that there were many other "spiritual gifts" besides those she had witnessed, and after some experiments, he pronounced her to be a fine clairvoyant and clairaudient subject, and offered to take her to a few celebrated public mediums, when he felt confident she would be "developed right away."

"In proof of the excessive distrust that possessed my mind at this time," says Miss Hardinge, "I replied to this latter offer, that I would go, provided he would take me then and there, without (as I thought) allowing any time or opportunity for collusion, for (uncertain what the process of *development* might be, or what fearful changes I might suffer by becoming a medium), I at least resolved to march to the sacrifice with my eyes open. My friend, no doubt apprehending the nature of my very flattering distrust of himself, good-naturedly replied that he would just step over to his store and return at once and fetch me. *But I would go with him*, and go with him I did, carefully watching him to see that he did not write some secret paper, or be slipped into some one's hand, with mysterious instructions to do some unknown thing with me; and so carefully did I scrutinize every look, word, and movement, that I could have testified on oath that I never lost sight of my conductor for one single instant, until I stood with him in an upper room in Broadway, where a large party were already gathered together to hold a circle with Mrs. Kellogg, one of the best test mediums I ever had the good fortune to meet, and withal an accomplished and interesting lady."

What could be meant by being "developed right away," might well puzzle a novice, surrounded by strangers. Possibly it was some kind of mild surgical operation which was suddenly to transform her into a modern prototype of the woman of Endor. But whatever her misgivings, the lady medium, to whom, at her own request, she had not been introduced, and whom she had rather avoided, almost immediately addressed her with, "Come here and sit with me, you are a great medium." In obedience to her words and imperious gesture, Miss Hardinge accordingly seated herself at the medium's side, at the magic table, and the lady began rubbing her hands with some energy. Before Miss Hardinge could even arrange a question, she tells us:

"A strange, misty sensation came over me, which so completely obscured my faculties, that an endeavour to recall who I was, and where, only ended in convincing me that I was a highly respectable old gentleman, in which character I gave, what I was afterwards informed were some remarkable *personating tests of spirit identity*, to several strangers in the room. To recapitulate the events and sensations of that evening—the first of my test mediumistic experience—would be neither possible nor profitable. It is enough to record that the touch of Mrs. Kellogg's hand appeared like a magician's wand, illuminating the latent fires of magnetic power, which, once enkindled, ever after burned in the steady light of mediumistic gifts.

"During the three hours' *séance* of that evening," continues Miss Hardinge, "it was found that I could give tests of spirit identity by personations, impressions, writing, and automatic movements of my fingers over the alphabet. All present seemed much more interested in this sudden and unexpected development than myself, its subject, who, to confess the truth, was so bewildered with my own marvellous performances, besides being half the time lost in the identity of the spirits who were influencing me, that I was far more disposed to question my own identity, than that of any of the spirits I was said to represent.

"The experience of most investigators in the spiritual philosophy, has shown that no tests are thoroughly convincing to individual minds, which are not addressed to the individual's own knowledge and reason; hence all I did by way of convincing others that night, would have failed to impress myself with any other belief than that of an unnatural and foreign influence upon me, had not some of the tests been addressed to myself in automatic writing, which, though produced by my own hand—being written upside down and requiring to be held up to the light for perusal—convinced me my own mind was not the originator of the sentences. One of these contained simply these words: 'Tom, find a great sea-snake!'

"The name of an only and idolized brother was here written, and with it the last words I ever heard him utter on earth; namely, a charge that I—a singer—would find for him the words of an old sea-song, of which he was passionately fond, and which he had begged me to learn to sing for his gratification. He spoke this sentence as he was departing on his last earthly voyage, from which he never came back again. These utterances of the lost sailor boy were forgotten in the vast whirlwind of grief for his death, far, far at sea, which swallowed up all minor details, until, after an absence of ten years, what I had been taught to believe the impassable gulf of eternity, stood revealed before me as a bridge, on which stood my beloved and lost, smilingly repeating

that sentence—too trifling to have been preserved in the solemn archives of the memories of death, and too surely identical with the precious dead to be repeated by any but his own very self.

"In scornful unbelief of the power I was investigating, I had said to my conductor before entering the circle room, 'If all you tell me of Spiritualism be true, and they succeed in making me one of these wonderful mediums, I will return to England and make my fortune.'

"Late in the evening, automatic writing, through my own hand, purporting to come from my spirit father, assured me I was a fine medium; that I **MUST** use my gifts, as such, for the benefit of the world, but—repeating my own careless words—that so far from using those gifts to *make my fortune*, I was never to take fee or reward for mediumship, nor would the spirit communicating release me from the strong control in which I was held, until I made pledges before the witnesses then present, first, that I would devote my gifts to the service of others; and next, that I would not take fee or reward for the same. As this was not the custom of my hostess, and certainly was far from my own views in the matter, this charge could have been no emanation from either her mind, or my own."

Miss Hardinge concludes that this prohibition from receiving compensation in the exercise of her mediumship was peculiar to her case, her spirit friends perceiving in her the capacity to exercise many forms of mediumship, all of which they desired should be used simply as a means to prepare her for a public lecturer on the subject; a destiny which at that time she would have contemplated with so much disgust, that had it then been disclosed to her, to escape it she would in all probability have ceased her investigations at once. The same prohibition has however been given in other cases where no such career has been in view, and for my own part, I wish it could be applied in all cases, so that mediums might universally be raised above the imputation and even the suspicion of double dealing from pecuniary motives.

Miss Hardinge continues:—"Returning from this, my first mediumistic *séance*, a review of the memoranda furnished me of the circle convinced me I had been acting under some *foreign influence*, but by no means of the fact that the cause was supermundane. A full acceptance of this belief involved the abandonment of opinions and prejudices too deeply rooted to be readily conquered; besides, in my condition of semi-conscious control, I could not exercise the clear judgment which was retained by the observer; hence I *returned a medium, but not a Spiritualist*."

The rest of the narrative of her experiences as a medium are so interesting that I should be doing both her and the reader an

injustice were I to attempt an abridgment of it, or to present it in any other language than her own. I therefore present it as related by herself *in extenso* :—

“I had come to this country in the steamship Pacific—one of the Collins’ line. Ever since my arrival in America I had maintained a kindly intercourse with some of the officials of the ship, between whom and myself little offices of friendship were exchanged every time she came into port. The ship Pacific was due on the memorable day when I became developed as a medium, to wit, on Tuesday, February 19th, 1856.

“On Wednesday I went down to the wharf in the hope of receiving a little package that was to be sent me from England, in charge of the storekeeper—an officer between whom my mother and myself the most kindly acquaintance had been kept up ever since our landing.

“The ship had not arrived, and no tidings were received of her; but as she was only due some thirty hours—the season rendered it likely that wintry storms would occasion the delay of even some days—no anxiety was felt in consequence. I mentioned the circumstance to my mother; but beyond a slight expression of regret, neither of us commented on the matter.

“That evening, just as my mother and myself were about to retire for the night, a sudden and unusual chill crept over me, and an irresistible impression possessed my mind that a spirit had come into our presence. A sensation as if water was streaming over me, accompanied the icy chilliness I experienced, and a feeling of indescribable terror possessed my whole being. I begged my mother to light up every lamp we had at hand; then to open the door, that the proximity of people in the house, outside our room, might aid to dissipate the horror that seemed to pervade the very air. At last, at my mother’s suggestion, I consented to sit at the table, with the alphabet we had provided turned from me and toward her, so that she could follow the involuntary movements of my finger, which some power seemed to guide in pointing out the letters. In this way was rapidly spelled out, ‘Philip Smith, ship Pacific.’

“As that was the name of the store-keeper for whom I had been only that very day inquiring, our curiosity and interest was now considerably excited. For a few moments this mode of manifestation ceased, and to my horror, I distinctly felt an icy cold hand laid on my arm, then, distinctly and visibly to my mother’s eyes, something pulled my hair, which was hanging in long curls; all the while the coldness of the air increasing so painfully that the apartment seemed pervaded by Arctic breezes. After a while, my own convulsed hand was moved tremblingly, but very rapidly, to spell out, ‘My dear Emma, I have come to

tell you I am dead. The ship Pacific is lost, and all on board have perished; she and her crew will never be heard from more.'

I need not remind my readers that this statement, though made within too short a time from the day when she was due to permit of the least anxiety to be felt on her account, was strictly verified by subsequent results. The ship Pacific and her ill-fated crew were never heard from more; and despite the indignant threats of prosecution that the owners made against 'the impostors,' who dared to predict her loss on the faith of spiritual communications, which both myself and others to whom I named the facts did not scruple to repeat, Philip Smith, and some few of his fellow sufferers, in their messages from the harbour which happily sheltered their enfranchised spirits, were the only revelators that ever lifted the awful veil of doom from their ocean grave.* From this time, and during a period of eighteen months, I sat constantly, for all who sought my services, as a test medium for a great variety of manifestations. These followed in rapid succession, each one exercising my whole frame in a striking and powerful manner. I frequently saw spirits with great distinctness, describing them with accuracy, and conversing with them as I did with my fellow mortals. I wrote in various ways automatically; and by impression, spoke in various conditions of trance and semi-consciousness; became a psychometrist; partly a clairvoyante; and occasionally a physician. In fact, with the exception of boisterous physical manifestations, or that which I coveted beyond all else—a medium for raps—it is impossible to name a phase of mediumship through which I did not pass, and in which I was not fully and powerfully exercised.

"My experiences during this period were sufficient to fill volumes, and will not in this sketch admit of even a brief description. I visited almost every medium I could hear of; sat in circles morning, noon, and night; pursued my investigations in garrets, cellars, saloons, and public halls; was now lifted up in ecstasy, now depressed with misery, harassed by doubts, confused by contradictions, repulsed by lies, mistakes, and deceptions.

* Through a great number of media the spirits predicted or affirmed the loss of the Pacific before any apprehensions on the subject had been awakened. As early as the evening of December 23, 1855, it was said, at Fremont House, New York, by a medium under spiritual influence, "*You have asked for a test; I will now give you one:—THE STEAMSHIP PACIFIC WILL BE WRECKED, AND ALL ON BOARD WILL PERISH. Put that in your pocket and keep it for a test.*" Subsequently, the day, the hour, and the manner were announced, and the fatal disaster, with its awful details, was represented with terrible distinctness in presence of many witnesses. An account, by Mr. S. W. Britton, a merchant, of New York, embodying the results of several interviews with spirits on this subject, was published in the *Spiritual Telegraph* of that city, and, at the time, excited considerable interest. It was republished in the (London) *Spiritual Herald* for May, 1856.

But amidst it all there was the one great cardinal fact, that spirits disembodied could communicate to earth, and that spirits still embodied could and do act magnetically upon each other—appear, at times, in distant places, and frequently *give communications*, with as much accuracy and test circumstance, as spirits from the other world. No phase of the spiritual phenomena ever more sorely perplexed me than this communication with the spirits of the living. From what source, or by what law, such manifestations are made, I cannot now pretend to discuss. My own experience, confirmed by many others, bears ample testimony to the affirmative of this fact. And so frequently did I find that the spirits of persons still on earth were seen by me, described, and gave manifestations, as if they were still and actually in the spirit-world, that I was often doubtful of the fact, and sometimes disposed to attribute the entire phenomena of spiritualism to the same cause; but in such hours of scepticism, some revelations, so clearly identical with the departed, and none but them, or some bright and beautiful evidences of true, genuine, communication from the angel-world, invariably reassured me as to the inviolate and fundamental fact that the disembodied soul of man *can and does communicate from spheres beyond the grave*.

“That there is a vast field of untrodden science, in which the human soul, whilst still an inhabitant of its mortal prison-house, is the agent and instrument, I have full and conclusive testimony. For many months I communicated by mental telegraph, according to preconcerted arrangement, with my friend, Mrs. E. J. French, resident of New York City, whilst she was at home, and I absent on distant travel; and these experiments were made in the presence of and witnessed by scores of persons still living. On ten different occasions, whilst I was engaged in lecturing, I have been seen and described accurately in all minutiae of dress and appearance by strange mediums who had never seen me, and who were resident hundreds of miles away from my place of abode. Sometimes, I am told, a phantom Emma Hardinge has entered a circle, and given communications highly graphic, and all this without any knowledge of her own, or volition on her part. In short, the mysteries of mind are infinite, and the earnest and industrious student will find himself on the verge of a new world, and standing on the very threshold of a new era, when he enters upon the investigation of the marvels of the science of mind.

“Another of the specialities of this mediumistic life, was the mass of revelation which the spirit-circle brought to light concerning the nature, cause and effect of crime. Fearful have been the disclosures made through this source concerning the causes of

death recorded by the physician, in the shape of disease, but witnessed of by them, not unfrequently as murder, and just as often negligence, ignorance, mistake, and every conceivable form of crime. Deeds, which the actors fondly thought were buried in the tomb, and laid away in the dim archives of eternity, have risen up, in all their glaring deformity, to confront the secret criminal in the very presence of the victim and accusing angel. Other scenes, too, varied these dreary records of crime. Dear loved ones re-united—bereaved hearts sent away in all the ecstacy of re-union—precious little children, deemed as lights untimely quenched, or buds of promise nipped in the bitter frosts of death ere the vital spark had made it a conscious soul—all these beloved and ministering bands of angels crowded around my altar-like table, converting my humble circle-room into a living church of a living religion.

“The Courts of Justice, too, are not forgotten; and many a piece of unlooked-for testimony, many a strange witness, and singular ‘*chance of haphazard*’ disclosure, owes its momentous and timely appearance in the smoky atmosphere of the law, to the promptings and hints of the spirit-circle. Blessed spirit-circle! I have seen the blind eyes opened, the crippled limbs made straight, the broken hearts bound up, the criminal converted, and the guilty startled from the path of secret crime by the revelations of the spirit-circle; and, moreover, the whole time that I was thus privileged to minister to others, my own career was a marvel of spirit-guidance and influence to myself.

“By the urgent request of my invisible friends, I entirely withdrew from the stage, concert and reading-room, as a public performer, and attempted to supply the lack of this source of remuneration by giving music lessons. This, however, I found a far more difficult task than I had imagined. I had myself been a proficient in music, and I found, with a sensitiveness rendered painfully acute by a first-class musical education, and yet more so by the inspiration from the spheres which musical spirits occasionally poured upon me, that the task of instructing the totally *uninspired with ‘the rudiments’*—the only branch which offered itself to so obnoxious a person as a well-known spirit medium—was irksome beyond endurance. Now and then an opportunity occurred of giving instructions more in accordance with my taste; but no sooner did the fact leak out that I was ‘a medium,’ than my pupils fled from me as from a pestilence. Friends grew cold, acquaintances shrugged their shoulders, and pitied and prophesied ‘a lunatic asylum and beggary.’

“My own best interests, means and position, depended on my return to England; but now by arguments, and still more by wonderfully cunning little schemes, my faithful invisibles kept me

on, steadily, zealously pursuing my career as a test medium, and an indefatigable student of Spiritualism, and though often bringing me to the very verge of desperate resolve and the last dollar, never leaving me there, but tenderly leading me back, with their own obviously arranged efforts, to hope and temporary prosperity again. Meantime I recall with astonishment the changes that are imperceptibly being wrought in my opinions, habits and manners. The gay and fashionable girl, educated amongst the privileged classes of Europe, enamoured of French society and French life and customs, imbued by both association and education with an unmitigated dislike of 'common people' and 'common ways'—was becoming converted into a thoughtful woman, a steady reformer, metaphysical thinker, and devoted republican.

"I dare not ask my readers to follow me through the marvels of my mediumistic career, nor my moral and intellectual new birth; it must suffice to say that I owe to Europe my endowments and refinement, education, popular and aristocratic opinions, manners and accomplishments; to America, my birth into WOMANHOOD; and to the blessed gospel of Spiritualism, all light, *knowledge* (not belief merely) of immortality, of true happiness, charity and metaphysical lore that I possess; and when I add to this, a partial realization of several precious spiritual gifts, who will marvel when I declare that poverty, persecution, obloquy, sordid cares, doubts, fears, disappointments, and a whole age of bitter struggle, fatigue and suffering, crowded into a few years' experience, are all too poor a price to pay for the invaluable boon of Spiritualism."

To the Spiritualists of New York Miss Hardinge tendered her musical services for their Sunday meetings, which they gladly accepted; and a choir, sometimes numbering as many as thirty voices, was placed at her disposal. The choir was composed of young persons of her own faith, mediumistic, and full of inspiration. "I can truly declare," says Miss Hardinge, "that the angels sang with us, and that as much of heaven as can ever be known on earth, often burst forth from the lips of this dear choir, bound together as we were by affection, mutual admiration and esteem, and the constant presence and inspiration from beloved spirit friends, who christened my young singers 'Singing Stars,' and for whom they would often select and compose special anthems they wished performed."

The phases of test mediumship which Miss Hardinge exhibited, strange though they appeared to her, as originating from the control of disembodied souls, were not altogether abnormal to her youthful experiences. She had always possessed the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices of invisible speakers, uttering spontaneous prophecies, and beholding visions pictured in the air.

These things had been to her simply strange and inexplicable; the solution was now plain. Her recent experiences were but the fuller development and exercise of this faculty of spiritual mediumship with which she had been born, and which all her previous life had been manifested, though not understood, by her.

But now she was to be called to a new work, and one more distasteful to her than even that of a spiritual medium had been. From all sides—from inspired mediums, friends, strangers, spirits in the flesh and out of the flesh, came to her the call to go out and lecture. The idea at first was too shocking to her English prejudices to be endured even for the sake of that Spiritualism which, with each day's fresh experience of its truth and beauty, she was beginning to love devotedly, and for which she had already made great pecuniary and social sacrifices. She foresaw that if she continued among the Spiritualists it would be scarcely possible to avoid the position which from so many quarters seemed persistently thrust upon her. She felt that she neither ought nor could break from them suddenly, so she resolved to liberate herself gradually and naturally. To effect this and escape the indignity of service, she advertised an offer of her services as a musical governess in a family where her own and her mother's bond would be received in lieu of compensation, intending to return home and to ordinary occupations, as soon as by absence and other employment she had recovered calmness and self-possession. But it would seem that she was made instrumental in outworking her destiny before her by the very means she employed to escape it. Instead of taking her advertisement to one of the daily papers, by some fatality, for which she professes herself unable to account, she had taken it to the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. The results were a little curious. Her advertisement produced her three offers of marriage from gentlemen in search of "affinities," five or six chances of taking full charge of little families, numbering not over twelve small children, and a sprinkling of other equally attractive positions. She had almost resolved to give up hope in this quarter, when she received a call from a gentleman who desired to secure her services and her mother's companionship for his young wife, who resided in a lonely country village, and was in want both of musical instruction and society. Everything appeared on the point of being arranged satisfactorily, when her visitor casually remarked—"By the bye, Miss Hardinge, are you not a medium?" Miss Hardinge in reply stammered out something of a *slight knowledge* on the subject of Spiritualism, and her desire to devote her time and attention in other directions. Her visitor was surprised. From her advertisement appearing in a spiritual newspaper he thought she must be identified with the cause, besides, he added, he was a

medium, yet he received strong impressions, and these pointed to her and her advertisement as coming from a very remarkable medium.

"Before I could reply to this embarrassing speech," says Miss Hardinge, "the door opened, and my friend with whom I was then boarding, Mrs. E. J. French, entered the room fully enraptured. Walking up to my visitor (General Bullard), she addressed him by name, and though a total stranger to him, and entirely unaware of his business with me, or the nature of our interview, she addressed him as if familiar with the whole subject, made him return to Troy, near which he resided, request the Committee on Spiritual Lectures to send me an invitation to speak on their platform, winding up with the assurance that by so doing he would be obedient to the will of wise, beneficent, and powerful spirits, who had destined me for great uses which I was endeavouring to evade. My visitor was delighted, and too much accustomed to mediumistic eccentricities to be in the least surprised at this *coup d'état*."

He was not sanguine however as to this project: none but first-class speakers had ever been engaged at Troy, and it was doubtful if the committee would lend themselves to the *début* of an untried speaker, but he would inquire about it, and in case of failure, secure her other opportunities. Mrs. French, on the contrary, knew that the committee would consent; while Miss Hardinge was sure that if the said committee was commonly sane they would not, and was so confident on this point, that he concluded the discussion by the promise that if they were fools enough to invite her on such a risk, she would add another fool to the crowd by accepting the invitation. Miss Hardinge thus relates the sequel:—

"Three days later, Mrs. French again entered my room with an unopened letter in her hand, which the postman had just left. Before I could break the envelope, she informed me, in the trance state, that the letter contained a cordial invitation for me to speak at Troy, on the following Sunday. She gave several sentences in the letter word for word, as they were written, and then dictated an answer of acceptance on my part, which I wrote and mailed almost within ten minutes of the receipt of the Troy letter, and quite an hour before I had a very thorough perception of where I was, and what I was doing. When this desirable knowledge fell dawn upon me, I found I was committed beyond the possibility of retreat. This was Monday. On the very next Sunday, July 5th, 1857, the deed was to be accomplished, and I, that had never spoken an *unstudied* word in public in my life, or, indeed, in private circles either—except in such a state of semi-trance as left me no capacity to judge of the effect of my speech—I, the

scornful denunciator of all such exhibitions in others, was to go on a public platform and speak on two consecutive occasions; about what I knew nothing, and how I knew not. Racked with self-reproach and anticipation of disgrace, I at last set to work to write a discourse for one of these occasions. This performance occupied me until Wednesday morning. At its conclusion, one of my familiar spirits, addressing me, as usual, in a form of analytical cross-examination, to which my guides constantly subject me, asked:

"What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?"

"I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you," I replied.

"For whom, Emma?"

"For spirits," I answered, sulkily; "since you will have it so."

"Spirits will not let Emma *read* lectures," was the rejoinder. "She will *speak*, not *read*, for spirits."

"I cannot speak," I pleaded. "I have not courage; I dare not; I must read."

"We shall take away your eyesight," was the cool answer.

"AND I KNEW, from eighteen months' complete experience of their power and promises, that they would and could do this."

"A new thought struck me. I never attempted to restate. I do not now, never did, find that the spirits I can best trust *ever change*. I would *study* my lecture. I had a very large apartment I used for a musical academy and choice meeting-room. Up and down this I paced unceasingly until late Thursday night. I did not make much headway, for somehow I seemed to have lost the faculty of memorizing; but I thought I could at least recollect the leading points I had written of one lecture, whilst for the second I had already determined I would be taken seriously ill, or commit suicide.

"About eleven o'clock on Friday morning, as I was pacing my apartment for the final rehearsal of my part, the voice demanded:—

"Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment? And how many more miles is Emma going to walk here?"

"I am trying to study this stuff," I answered, "since I may not read it."

"We shall take away your memory," was the satisfactory response."

And then followed an assurance that if I would trust to spirits, and by their counsel work for the world, never put in a newspaper puff, never write to solicit an engagement, but be

thful to them and the truth, they would inspire and guard and re for me; that they had led me on through all the varied and nantic incidents of a very strange life from my cradle up to a point; that my peculiar education, occupations, associations, d misfortunes, had all been links in the chain that fettered me that hour. Promises followed, unnecessary here to transcribe. ffice it to say, every year, month, day, and hour of my subse- ent life has witnessed some part of their fulfilment.

"It must be remembered, however, that I did not enter into r part of the compact then and there. In fact, I was fairly hast at the desperation of my position, and demanded the lapse the fearful trial Sunday before I dared say, 'I CAN trust the rits.'"

Arrived at Troy, Miss Hardinge was taken into the ante- m of the hall, and, by her own desire, left alone for a few dis- cting moments. "I carried with me," she says, "a little Bible, m which, I thought, in my desperation, I could read, if all else ed, and keep on reading, until the people got tired and went ay. Left alone, the spirits desired me to open on a certain pter of St. Matthew, and mark it for reading as the text of discourse.

"How can I read it," I savagely inquired, '*if spirits will e away my sight?*'

"Spirit-eyes will see for you."

"As I sat on the platform a few minutes later, a tranquillity h as I had never before experienced in my life, stole over . The sweet voices of the singers seemed to be echoed by ex- site choral and instrumental performers on every side of me. own head and body seemed very light, and enveloped in a k mist, in which I was buoyed up like a swimmer on the salt- wave. As to the audience, if I knew anything about them at it was that they were there—but in fact, they were nothing me. I was busy with my own thoughts, and strange to say, se thoughts were of the most trivial and irrelevant character. as happy and perfectly free from care or sensation, yet instead any realizing sense of this happiness, I was busy counting nbers, drops on the chandeliers, and vaguely speculating on sorts of trifling matters; and in the midst of this ridiculous king dream, I found myself standing up and calmly reading e verses from the New Testament. I admired them very ch, and though I had often heard them before, there was a elty in their meaning and application, such as had never before urred to me, and ere I had got over admiring and wondering this, I found myself getting off a calm and composed lecture, l between dreaming and counting, and now and then listening myself, and wondering what I was going to say next, and then

forgetting to attend to it, I got through an hour of what I was subsequently assured was 'one of the best lectures that had ever been delivered on that platform.' That evening I went through a similar scene with a similar result, and from that hour to the present, during eight years of incessant labour, averaging about five lectures a week, the same kind of control, with slight variation, has possessed me, dispelling all fear, and carrying me on in the love and tender care of my all-sufficient, powerful, and wise masters, without one single occasion on which the carping critic or my own excessive sensitiveness could write the sound of failure."

The day following this (to her) memorable Sunday, Mrs. Hardinge entered into a compact with the spirits, the terms of which have been already referred to, and which she affirms have been fulfilled on her part "with human, and on that of the spirits with superhuman fidelity." She never inserted or caused to be inserted for herself and her spiritual lectures a newspaper puff, nor resorted in any direction to the charlatanism of popularity-seeking; never sought or made efforts to obtain a single engagement; and until the exigencies of the war, and then a protest against what she believed great injustice practised on mediums generally by many of their employers, never made a bargain for fees, contenting herself with whatever compensation could be afforded her; and thus often exceedingly ill paid, she never lacked anything, nor felt a want whose supply was not fully anticipated. "And yet," she says, "I started on my untried career with but one human being to aid me, to wit, Mrs. E. J. French, my earliest and longest tried friend in this country. With no one but her to aid or encourage me, with newspaper critics sneering at my 'theatrical gestures and French airs,' with many a cruel and slanderous comment on my English origin, complexion and manners;—a stranger, foreigner, and alone, I set out on my wild and thorny path with an invisible pilot, an unseen engine, a crew of 'the dead,' and a captain from the land of 'Hades.' I have travelled with these, and by their direction, east, west, north and south. On hundreds of occasions I have permitted committees of strangers from among the audience to select my subject they chose for me to speak upon. In this way, and by the desire of the spirits, I have spoken upon almost every scientific and subject that could be given to a public audience, without one moment's preparation, premeditation or study, either of the matter or manner of my theme. The hearts, arms, and hands of the most precious of friends have been open to me throughout the length and breadth of the land, and their tender care has followed me everywhere, from Plymouth Rock to the golden sands of the far Pacific Coast, from the Arctic shores of Canada to the tropical

hores of the Gulf of Mexico. Through all the vast expanse of this wide range of country I have travelled alone, as far as human companionship has gone, going from one strange place to another; the invitation of unknown persons; lodging, working, living and travelling, always amongst strangers, and yet I have never hardly bespoken an appointment, though made sometimes two years in advance; never been insulted, robbed, or annoyed; made no mistakes, or suffered any loss; encountered no accidents, or ever failed to recognize the parties, strangers as they always were, that met me at the stations. I could always read the true characters of my correspondents, always recognize the same in my associates, and never failed to receive words of warning, encouragement, sure prophecy, and wise counsel from the faithful and beloved masters whom it has been my joy and fortune to serve, invisible to mortal eye, and often unknown to mortal senses, though they were and are.

"Such is a very faint and imperfect sketch of my career, the details of which are full of marvel, romance, and subjects whose strangeness would overmatch many a popular tale of fiction."

One other and crowning sphere of labour in the career of Emma Hardinge still remains to be noticed, though she herself very cursorily alludes to it; namely, the efforts made by her to found a home for poor outcast women. To this truly Christian work she devoted herself with untiring energy, and, in spite of all discouragement, for five years; carrying petitions about and most begging from door to door for aid, and for two years voting all her own week-night earnings to the fund for this purpose. The public were moved in favour of her poor clients by numerous appeals in their behalf; and their case in all its dark and ghastly details was widely agitated. Committees were formed to aid her in this work in St. Louis, Boston and New York; and well-digested plans had already been laid for carrying out the scheme when the terrible exigencies of the war diverted these efforts and absorbed the public attention; her committees were scattered, her every effort was traversed, and her plans, for the time at least, abandoned. "For the first three years of the war," says Miss Hardinge, "I still worked on alone, but worked in vain.

A legacy nobly bequeathed to this object, in Oregon, has been withheld, and nearly all squandered in law, on the plea that the home, or institution for which it was intended, not being chartered, could not, by the laws of Oregon, become recipient of the bequest." It is, however, satisfactory to learn that though the sum which Miss Hardinge so perseveringly, and with such great effort had obtained, was quite inadequate to carry out her object, "has been made the instrument of *prevention* of the terrible evil of prostitution, by being bestowed on the noble Philadelphia

Institution." "Can I then," she asks, "call my plan a failure, because it did not realize the full measure of intention which stimulated me to its commencement? I know it is not; and feel assured, if I am ever privileged to revisit these shores, the influence that my past efforts have created will enable me to renew my applications for State patronage of my plan to the New York Legislature, with a far more hopeful chance of realizing success than ever."

And here with an apostrophe to "Europe, land of my birth; America, country of my love," and with a few earnest affectionate parting words "to my American friends," ends the present record of this noble worker for humanity. May the new chapter of her life's history, about to be commenced in her native land, be as instructive as the one just closed! May her labours here be attended with equally beneficent results! She will, at least, bring with her the same brave womanly spirit, the same devotion to high aims and noble purposes; and will be under the same Providence that has hitherto guided and sustained her! May God speed her! for while the harvest is plenteous truly such labourers are few.

T. S.

THE SPHERE OF COMMUNION.

By the REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain;
And he who followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest.—LONGFELLOW.

THE human soul, in the varied processes of life, traverses three great spheres of existence, and stands in three different attitudes of spiritual consciousness. First, it passes outwardly to the observation of the visible universe. It gazes on the vision of Nature, as it is unfolded in the realms of universal space; this is the attitude of PERCEPTION. Second, it withdraws itself from the outward world, and directs its vision to the world within. It penetrates the mystery of mind, and heart and will; it reviews the past in the pictures of memory, and projects the future from its inward hope; it arranges the treasures of knowledge, analyzes the results of experience; traces out the plan of action, and determines the objects and methods of life; this is the attitude of REFLECTION. Third, it withdraws from the sphere of the meditations, as it has from that of perception; it directs its spiritual aspiration to the infinite soul, the source of it and

ature's life; it enters into incommunicable relations with the vine existence; it receives its elements, and feels them mingle with its own; and this is the attitude of COMMUNION.

In perception we look outwardly; in meditation we look inwardly; in communion we look upwardly. In perception we penetrate the realm of form; in meditation the realm of law; in communion the realm of essential and original life. In perception the senses are active; in meditation the understanding is active; in communion the soul itself is active in realms above the grasp of understanding or the sight of sense. Communion is that ultimate fact of consciousness which the devout of all times have sought to attain through prayer. It is the spirit's upward look; its entranced and silent adoration; its ascent into the realms where space merges in infinitude, and the successions of time melt in the circle of the one eternity. It is our return to the bosom of the Father—our absorption in the silent bliss and repose of the absolute and essential life.

The senses are windows looking out on the world of form, of colour, of material life, of visible harmony, of divine art symbolized in creation. The spirit stands behind the eye, as behind transparent glass, and perceives the shifting forms of Nature, their magic transmutations, their mystic loveliness; or, rather, the senses are a living and translucent atmosphere that surrounds the soul, and on its undulation flows in from every form of being, music, its fragrance, and its light. The ample dome of the firmament; the ancient sculpture of the mountains; the living landscape, with its hues of green and gold; the streamlets that glitter with light, and melt in music as they run; the ocean, whose flows are like the keys of a mighty organ, woke to music by that weird harmonist, the blast; birds that, like the poet's thoughts, fly on their resounding wings from zone to zone; the living shapes of the animal kingdom, and man himself, with his erect form and imperial brow—all these are revealed to the spirit when it leans from the window of the senses, and stands in the attitude to perceive.

The intellect is dome-like, bending with shining arch above the soul. Rays from the infinite reason converge within it, and thus comes revelation. Beams from the spiritual world shine on the soul, and these are thoughts of immortality. Upon its cloudy curtains, as upon the visible firmament when pencilled by the rising and setting sun, is pictured the dawning glory of the future and the fading effulgence of the past. The light that fills it reveals the universe.

Each emotion of terror or of love that the heart created; each deed of good or ill that the will embodied; each imagination that rose, rainbow-like, and spanned the soul; each idea that

came and stood all radiantly before us like some fixed star to direct the track of life—all these have form, and voice, and being, within the firmamental dome of intellect, and in reflection we enter the precincts of this personal and individual world; we gaze upon its magnificent amplitude; we introduce order amid its strange creations; we ponder over its mystery, we cast hopes and actions into the future of its fate.

But the spirit—the looker through the windows of sense, the unfold of the pictures of memory and the visions of hope—is not confined to these pictures of divine beauty which are scattered through the universe—is not limited to these meditations of divine wisdom which are reflected upon the intellect. Above sense, above thought, is communion; the soul's interchange of emotion with its Divine Original; its baptism in the divine love; its illumination with heavenly wisdom; its reception of celestial life; its translation to the real and abiding existence; its calm and tranquil rest upon the Father's bosom.

There is a unison of heart, when friend meets with friend, and the quickened pulse and the brightening countenance reveal how beautiful it is; there is an influx of pure bliss, when the soul in tranquil mood is filled with the universal life of nature, and feels a sense of mystic oneness with the hills and rivers, with the lily whose breath is fragrance and the star whose life is light; there is a time of sacred joy for lovers, the one in heart, whose passion dies, and affection grows angel-pure, and the intense emotions of the soul need no more the halting interpretation of the tongue; there is the communion of the mother with the child, when her holy love, falling like summer dew, descends to hallow and purify the breast; there is the communion of the poet with the harmony of the universe, when his soul becomes an Æolian lyre, which every breath of heaven awakes to melody, when for him the soul and history grow vocal, and the stars sing as well as shine; there is the communion of the artist with ideal and supernatural beauty, when the veil of nature grows transparent, when he penetrates the open secret, and sees creation as a picture of Divine art, mirrored from infinitude; there is the communion of the rapt idealist with the angel-world, when shapes of glory move about him, and earth fades like a shadow, and heaven dawns through radiant vistas, as if its gateway opened in the sun.

But all these but poorly and faintly symbolize the soul's communion with its God, for then the limitations of humanity seem merged in the infinite completeness; then we are rapt away from the world of sense and time in beatific vision; then one day is richer than a thousand years, and a thousand years pass quickly as a day; then all that man ever sought is found, and

aspiration itself is satisfied, and heaven is won; then holiness, and harmony, and blessedness and joy, too deep for truth or tears, are all our own. Then within us is God's love, and around us is his perfect beauty, and all that beauty and that love is freely given. Then the great prayer of Jesus has met with its fulfilment, and we are one with God through him.

This state—the highest condition of humanity—embodies in it prayer and its fulfilment, desire and answer, infinite aspiration, infinite fulness of beautiful life and rest. Then our will is one with God's will, and our life is found in his life. Then our desire is to be complete in love, and our desire is answered till our nature is filled, and its limits overflowed. Our will is strong, for God's will is our power; our affections are purified and made genial and active, for God's love flows through the soul. Holy motions waft their odours about us like breath from paradise, and we hear in spirit the voices of innumerable angels, chanting glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men.

Wakening to outward consciousness, to physical activity, from his beatific rest, our hearts glow as did the face of Moses when he descended from the mount. Each moral nerve is once more elastic; each spiritual pulse is throbbing with the circulation of a more real and eternal life. We see a purer beauty in the outer world, to which we are introduced by the sensuous medium. We discern the introduction of order and life into meditative thought. We are calmer to overlook and overcome life's petty annoyances. We are stronger to meet life's serious labours and difficulties, ordering and subduing them with manly and energetic will. We are stronger to do our Father's will and work, since we have rested on His bosom in the beauty of his holiness and the infinity of his love.

"I am not in the habit of trusting in my own strength; I lifted my eyes for a moment to heaven; and conscious that I did not wage war against the lion either from vain-glory or from the desire of gain, I confidently asked for help. In one instant my pulse was as calm as it is at this moment, my arm as firm as if it had been of steel, and in the next the lion was lying dead, almost at my feet. I entered on a campaign with *doubt* and *confidence*; with *doubt* as to the results to be produced by my shots; with *confidence* in the Divine protection granted to his creature by the Supreme Ruler of all things. It is not the *man* who thus kills, but the invisible hand which protects and guides him."—*Jules Gerard, the Lion Killer.*

THE PROPHETS OF THE CEVENNES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

CHAPTER II.

IF the story of the Camisards, as related in our first chapter, be wonderful, much more so is it in this. Some of the circumstances related are of a character which demands a faith akin to that which animated these "Enfants de Dieu," Children of God, as they uniformly styled themselves. None but those who are satisfied that the arm of the Lord is not at all shortened since he performed similar marvels for his chosen people in the slave land of Egypt, in the Deserts of Arabia, and on the hills of Judea; none but those who are so far advanced in a recognition of his plans for the perfection of the human race as to perceive that his operations are not confined to one age, one race or one region, but are likely to be brought into action under like circumstances for like objects, can be competent to receive them. Yet they are based on historic evidence as firm, as concurrent and as reliable as those which are everywhere and every day received by all classes of men as matters beyond dispute. The facts of our struggles of the Commonwealth; the victories of Naseby, of Worcester, of Marston Moor, and Dunbar, which occurred before, and the military miracles of Napoleon, the overthrow of kingdoms and his own awful overthrow, which have occurred since, are not better attested than the extraordinary events which emblazoned the brief but brilliant period of the inspired life of the Church of the Desert.

All the leaders of the Camisards, men in stern and dreadful earnest, men putting their lives, their fortunes, their families and their country to the hazard on the firm faith in this miraculous dispensation for years: regarding the wonders of inspiration and the wonders of their achievements as one and the same fact: thousands and tens of thousands of their followers, who from witnessing the direct interposition of Heaven amid themselves, as the Israelites of old, lived, fought, suffered and died under the most exquisite tortures without flinching and without a murmur. All these, their trials, their heroism, their triumphs, their miseries, their deaths, their wasted country, their victory over the greatest military monarch of the age, with all his armies, his generals, his ministers, his priests and Jesuits, these are the witnesses for the truths of this history and for its most astonishing incidents. The heroic Cavallier in his Memoirs, and in his sojourn in this

and other countries, affirmed solemnly the verity of the whole. The Camisards who reached this country, and amongst them, the brave Elie Marion, the other Cavallier, and numbers besides were ready to confirm the truth of the most startling relations with their blood. For abundant testimonies of the most unimpeachable kind, the reader may refer to the Pastoral Letters of M. Jurieu, printed ANNO 1688, 1689. To the treatises of Messieurs Benoist, Brueys, the Marquis of Guiscard, and M. Boyer. To the letters of M. Caladon, Madame Verbron, the Marquis de Pysieux, and to the testimonies in form of twenty-six ear and eye-witnesses during their sojourn in London, on oath before Sir Richard Holford and John Edisbury, Esquire, Masters in Chancery, in 1707, namely:—Messieurs Daudy, Facio, Portales, Vernett, Arnasson, Marion, Fage, Cavallier, Mazel, Du Bois, Madame Castanet, Madame Charras and others; all Camisards, distinguished in this great struggle; and whose descendants at the present day recount with pride their share in these amazing events, and maintain their verity. M. Brueys, in his *History of Fanaticism*, admits that they are facts proved upon trial, and rendered authentic by many decrees of the parliament of Grenoble, by the orders of the Intendants, by judgments or sentences judicial, by verbal proceedings and other justifying proofs. Catholics of good sense, admits M. Brueys, know not what to think of these things; and the only way out of their perplexity is to attribute the miracles to the devil, or to the amazing force of enthusiasm.

We are assured, however, by no less authority than that of the London *Athenæum* of March 26th, 1859, in an article on Trollope's *Decade of Italian Women*, that no amount of enthusiasm will account for such phenomena. "It needed something more potent than all this. There is a supernatural and spiritual agency which Mr. Trollope does not take into account in his estimate of St. Catharine. * * * The religious element environs us all,—'it is about our path, and about our bed'—we all live on the threshold of the invisible world,—every time a man kneels down to pray in church or chamber, he addresses himself to 'the awful presence of an unseen Power.' Catharine dwelt in the heart of that great mystery,—ordinary men and women live in the visible present, and do not dwell 'in worlds not realized;' yet all the great movements which have stirred the hearts of men like trees of the forests by a strong wind, have had their rise in a fanatical enthusiasm for some religious idea; we say fanatical, because we would express the vehement, absorbing devotion to an *idea, stronger than the man himself, which would be insanity if it were not INSPIRATION*. Men and women carried away, rapt in a religious idea, have all the small

hopes, and fears, and motives, and self-interests, which make men cowardly and inconstant, all burned out of them: their belief in the wisdom and help which come from above, gives them that entire and perfect will which has no flaw of doubt to mar its unity. *They have united themselves to a strength not their own, and transcending all earthly obstacles,* and 'it works in them mightily,' as one of them expresses it, 'both to will and to do.' This mysticism is not amenable to any of 'the laws of right reason,' it appeals to the deep-seated, religious instinct, which is the strongest feeling in man's nature and underlies all the differences of clime and race, and 'makes of one blood all the nations of the earth. Catharine had this religious enthusiasm; she had that *faith which could work miracles and move mountains.*"

Now this is the testimony of a journal which has hitherto pooh-poohed every idea of the supernatural; and has been constantly asking when magistrates convicted and punished fortune-tellers and conjurors, whether it were just whilst they let Spiritualists go free? We desire no stronger testimony. In this luminous, eloquent, and philosophical argument lies all that we wish to adduce in the present case. What Catharine of Sienna did, by the same sublime and omnipotent power, the Camisards did, and in a still higher degree. Let not the reader therefore, be startled at the most amazing facts which I am about to narrate; for once let us admit that the least of these things was the work of God, and we can assign no limits to his action. In proportion to the needs of the case was the magnificence of the demonstration.

The simple fact then was this:—The natives of the Vivarais, the Cevennes, and those other districts which I have mentioned in the South of France, driven to desperation by those cruelties and monstrous oppressions mentioned, saw no way for them but to cry mightily to God for deliverance; and when all hope had vanished from every other quarter, it came. More or less of this inspiration was manifested amongst the Protestants of the South of France from 1688, the year of our own great Revolution, our own great deliverance from Popery. It was a time when God was working mightily in the earth. From that time, only three years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the arm of God in wonders began to flash through the southern mountains of France, but it was more pre-eminently in the year 1701, and till 1705 that it displayed itself transcendently amongst the oppressed people of the Cevennes. In one and the same day in many and distant places, numbers of people were seized with a sudden and extraordinary agitation. M. Bruers, in his *History of Fanaticism*, says, "It is certain that from the month of June, 1688, unto the end of February following, there were

in Dauphiné, then in the Viverrais, five or six hundred Protestants of both sexes, who gave out themselves to be prophets, and inspired of the Holy Ghost. The sect of the inspired became in a trice numerous; the valleys swarmed with them, and the mountains were covered. This enthusiasm spread itself like a flood, with such a torrent, that a conflagration blown with a wind does not spread faster from house to house, than this fury flew from parish to parish. The number of prophets was infinite. There were many thousands of them. The prophets said that their gifts had something in them marvellous and divine, and that they came upon them with tremblings and faintings, as in a swoon, which made them stretch out their arms and legs, and stagger several times before they dropped down. They struck themselves with the hand: they fell on their backs; they shut their eyes, their breasts heaved, they remained awhile in trances, and then coming out of them uttered what came into their mouths. When the prophet had been under agitations of body for a while, he began to preach and to prophecy. He pronounced with a loud voice the prayer which the Protestants are wont to use before their sermons, after which, with his utmost strength, he sung one of the psalms of Mozart or Beza. "Brethren," the prophet would exclaim, "amend your lives; repent ye; repent ye of that great sin you have committed in going to mass: it is the Holy Ghost which speaks to you through my mouth." They made loud cries for mercy; the hills and all the echoes adjoining resounded with the cry of mercy! And with imprecations against the priests, against the church, against the pope, and against anti-Christian dominion; with blasphemies against the mass: with exhortations to repentance, for having abjured their religion; with predictions of the fall of popery, and the deliverance of the church pretendedly reformed. All that they said at those times was heard and received with reverence and awe. When an assembly was appointed, even before daybreak, from all the hamlets round, the men, women, boys, girls, and even infants, came in crowds, hurrying from their huts, pressed through the woods, leaped over the rocks, and flew to the place of appointment. The least assemblies amounted to four or five hundred, and some of them from three to four thousand."

This is the account of an enemy, but allowing for some distortion and exaggeration, it conveys a vivid idea of this extraordinary outburst of spiritual excitement. It was the same in the Cevennes, in Languedoc, and Provence. It seized men, women, and children of a few months old. The priests, magistrates, and military officers, not only slaughtered, imprisoned, hanged, broke on the wheel, sent to the galleys, and otherwise

tortured and destroyed the people for these prophesyings, but commanded them on pain of death to forbid their children to fall into such agitations. But the children of Catholics were then seized, and prophesied, and the affrighted parents, terrified at the threatened punishments, ran with their children to the magistrates and priests, crying, "Here! cure them yourselves, for we cannot."

It was remarkable that these poor people who spoke a rude dialect, and could not speak good French when not inspired, spoke admirable French when in the inspiration, children the same, and some too young to speak naturally, to the astonishment of hundreds of spectators. Most of the military leaders were prophets or mediums; and both spoke and acted under the influence. Rowland, Cavallier, Castanet, all or nearly, all their great leaders were prophets. James Dubois, of Montpellier, deposed before the magistrates in London that he himself had seen the following leaders in their several inspirations: Ravanel, Catinat, Clary, Franceset Sauvage, Cavallier of Sauve, Abraham Mazel, a famous leader, Rowland, the generalissimo, under whom he Dubois had served, besides others, including some of the chief women.

There may be some who will ask, why should these inspirations be attended by the agitations described above? We may ask the same regarding all forms of inspiration since the world began. They have attended prophets in all ages, including those of Israel. The Pythian priestesses of Greece, were agitated by convulsions, styled sacred madness, *manisai*. There was something that distinguished the delivery of the Hebrew prophets. When the prophet went to announce to Jehu that he should be king of Israel, the captains at table with Jehu asked "What wants that mad fellow with thee?" Or as in the Septuagint,— "What wants that *shaking* fellow with thee?" The saints of the middle ages of the Roman Church, as St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Hildegard, and others, had their cataleptic trances. The early Friends were partly called Quakers because they shook and trembled in their delivery. The clairvoyants of to-day as they pass into their peculiar state, exhibit often the same appearances as the Prophets of the Cevennes. These are symptoms of a spiritual possession or inspiration, probably appointed to denote the advent and presence of it. Let us leave, however, the wherefore, for the facts themselves.

"It would require a volume," says Elie Marion, "to relate all the wonders God wrought by the means of the inspirations, which, in his good pleasure, he gave to us. I protest before him, that generally speaking, they were our laws and guides; and, in truth, when we met with disgraces, it was either for not



punctually observing their orders, or when an enterprise was undertaken without them. It was by inspiration that we forsook our parents and relatives, and whatever was dearest to us to follow Christ, and to make war against the devil and his followers. This was the source of that brotherly love, union and charity which reigned amongst us. It was only by the inspirations that we began the war, and that for the defence of our holy religion. We had neither power nor counsel, but the inspirations were all our refuge and support. They alone chose our officers and commanders, and by them did they steer. They instructed us to bear the first fire of the enemy upon our knees, and to make an attack upon them with a loud chant of psalms, to create terror. They changed our fearful natures into that of lions, and made us perform prodigies. Taught by them, we lamented not when our brethren fell in battle, or suffered martyrdom: we lamented for nothing but our sins. They were our inspirations which enabled us to repel armies of from 20,000 to 60,000 of the best troops of France. They drew into the bosom of the true Christian church thousands from the worship of the Beast. They filled our teachers and preachers with words of fire and knowledge far beyond their own conceptions. They expelled sorrow from our hearts in the midst of the most imminent perils; in the depths of cold and hunger, in caverns and deserts. They taught us to bear lightly the heaviest crosses and afflictions. They taught us to deliver our brethren from their prisons,—to know and to convict traitors; to shun ambushes, to discover plots, and to strike down persecutors. As these holy inspirations led us to victory, much more gloriously did they enable our martyrs to triumph over their enemies on the scaffold. There it was that the power of the Almighty did great things! That was the dreadful furnace in which the truth and faithfulness of the inspired saints were proved. The admirable words of consolation, the triumphant songs of a great number of these thrice happy martyrs, whilst their bones were breaking on the wheel, and the flames were devouring their flesh, were doubtless a considerable testimony to these inspirations proceeding from the Lord, the author of every good and perfect gift. These, in fine, were those heavenly gifts and graces, the holiness of whose origin was testified by the events always following the predictions."

Amongst the most marvellous signs which attended these inspirations, was that in the fierceness of their persecutions the prophets, and especially the women, shed tears of blood. You saw many such, says Peyrat, in his *History of the Pastors of the Desert*, going from village to village, crying, "God has given tears of blood to bewail the desolation of Jerusalem!" Baviile, the *Intendant*, put to death a woman who shed tears of blood.

Vol. L. p. 283. Another frequent manifestation to the inspired was that whole armies of angels encamped about them, and were seen in actual combat with their enemies. When lost in the woods and mountains seeking their religious assemblies, meteors descending towards the spot where they were being held, directed them. "A relative of mine," says Durand Fage, "who was going to an assembly with about a dozen others, of whom I was one, on the way fell into an ecstasy, and the spirit said to her, 'I will cause a light, my child, to direct you to the proper place.' Immediately we saw a light fall from heaven, and knowing the direction of the country, we were satisfied where we should find the assembly. It was not more than a quarter of a league distant, and we had not proceeded five hundred paces towards the spot indicated when we caught the sound of the psalm." Claude Arnassan relates a similar fact. When he and about forty other persons arrived at the place before appointed for the assembly, they found no one there, and judged that some motives of caution had caused them to change the rendezvous. They prayed to God for direction, a meteor fell on a distant spot, and hasting thither in perfect confidence, they soon caught the sound of the psalm, and found the assembly exactly where the meteor had indicated it. Such things were of common occurrence.

But no phenomena were more extraordinary than the inspiration of children, which is attested abundantly by friends and enemies. "The youngest child," says Durand Fage of Aubais, "was a little girl of five years, in the village of Saint Maurice, near Uzes, but it is well known in the country that the spirit was diffused on numbers of young children, some of which were yet at the breast, and of too tender an age to speak, but as it pleased God to announce his wonders by the mouths of babes and sucklings." "I have seen," says Jaques Dubois of Montpellier, "amongst others, a child of five months old, in its mother's arms, at Quissac, which spoke under agitation, interruptedly but intelligibly, beginning with the regular formula, 'I tell thee, my child.' It was as if God spoke through its lips."

"Two of my friends, Antoine Cost and Louis Talon," says Pierre Vernet, of Beauchastel, "went to Pierre Jonquet, our common friend, at the Mill of Eve, near Vernoux in Vivarais. When we were sitting together, a child of the house called its mother, saying, 'Come and see the baby.' Presently the mother came back, desiring us to look at the infant which was speaking. She begged us not to be alarmed, for it was a miracle. We found a child of thirteen or fourteen months, but lying in a cradle, which had never yet spoken or walked. As we entered it was speaking distinctly, and exhorting us like others under inspiration to repent of our sins. More than twenty persons were seen

in the room, weeping and praying toward the cradle, overcome by astonishment; and crowding round the mother to congratulate her on her happiness to have a child so favoured."

Numbers of such cases are recorded, and says one of the historians of the *Church of the Desert*, "the spirit rarely descended upon the aged, never on the rich and the learned. It visited youth and indigence, the unfortunate, simple hearts, peasants, labourers, adult young women and children, as well as the preachers and military leaders. But whether the inspirations came through young or old, through man or woman, through warrior or child, its revelations were accordant, simple, positive, and to the purpose. By them they all testify that they were warned of their approaching enemies; were told when they need set no sentinels; when there were traitors amongst them, and by them they were enabled to conquer both man and the elements. Let us give a few of the most remarkable instances of such inspirations.

"Our troop," says Durand Fage, "was once between Nair and La Cour de Creviez, when our leader Cavallier had a vision whilst he was sitting, on which he started up and said these words,—'O my God, how wonderful! I have seen in the vision the Marshal Montrevel, at Allez, giving to a messenger letters against us to carry to Nismes. Let somebody hasten away, and they will find the express, in such a habit, and on such a horse, and attended by such and such persons (describing all these). Ride full speed and you will meet them passing the Gardon.' In a moment more three of our men got on horseback, Rickard, Bouvet, and another: and they found the courier in the place, and with the company, just as described by brother Cavallier. The courier being brought to our troop, they found letters upon him from the Marshal, so that by this revelation we happily discovered many things whereof good use was made in the sequence. The messenger was sent back on foot, I was then present, and saw these things all pass before my eyes."

Spies and traitors who were sent amongst them, were immediately perceived by the spirit and pointed out. Numbers of cases of this kind are given, where the men were seized and searched, and proofs of their guilt found upon them, or who were so struck by the miraculous discovery as to confess it. We must, however, satisfy ourselves with a few of the most striking cases. John Cavallier of Sauve, relates the following, which is also related by various other spectators:—"After the battle of Gaverne, in the winter of 1703, we went to refresh our troop at the castle of Rouviere, half a league from Sauve. Being there with my cousin Cavallier, our leader, with several officers of the troop, my cousin said aloud, 'I find myself struck with sorrow;

some Judas has kissed me to-day.' Nevertheless the dinner came up, and there sat down to table about twenty persons of the troop, and friends of the neighbourhood: among whom was one Mazarin, a tailor of Sauve, a professed Protestant, who had been a friend of the late illustrious M. Brousson. This man was a confidant, too, of M. Cavallier; and every one had a respect for him, because he was a diligent attender of our religious assemblies. He often, indeed, helped to summon them; he received also the contributions of those who yielded us supplies of money, and had himself suffered imprisonment for some of his good works. This man was forty-five years of age.

"When we were at table, Mazarin on the right hand next my cousin, and myself on his left, the spirit came upon me with violent agitations, in the middle of dinner, and among other words it spoke to me were these: 'I say unto thee, my child, one that sits at this table, and has had his hand in the same dish with my servant, has an intention to poison him.' My inspiration was no sooner over, than a female relation of my cousin's in the same room, near the fire, fell into ecstasy, and had these words:—'There is in this company a Judas, who has kissed my servant, and who is come hither to poison him.' As soon as my cousin, now Colonel Cavallier, heard what I had said, he ceased to eat, and ordered the doors to be guarded; but when the other announcement was made by the young woman, the guard was doubled. He himself eat no more, but the rest continued their dinner. Before we rose from table, brother Ravanel, who has since suffered martyrdom, was seized also with violent agitation, and by the spirit said:—'Amongst the company at this table there is a traitor, who has received a sum of money to poison my servant, and even the whole troop, if he be able. I tell thee he has promised the enemy to poison the commander of it; and upon his entrance into this house, he proposed within himself to poison the water of the great cistern, and the bucket in it, in order to poison the flock, in case he should fail to destroy the shepherd.'

"At this very moment, my cousin commanded a guard to the castle cistern, and that the bucket should be flung into it, forbidding any one to draw of the water. At the same instant there came some of the company into our room to acquaint us that brother Du Plan, brigadier of the troop, who was in another room, was surprised by a very extraordinary ecstasy with agitations extremely violent. I went thither and heard him say:—'I make known to thee, my child, there is a man in this house who has sold my servant for a sum of money, five hundred livres, and has eaten at the same table with him. But I tell thee, this traitor shall be discovered; he shall be convicted of his

crime. I say unto thee he meditates at this moment to fling away the poison hidden about him, or to convey the same into the clothes or pockets of some others in the company; but I will suffer him to be discovered, and mentioned by name.'

"My cousin being informed of what Du Plan had said, ordered him to come into a chamber apart, with the three other persons inspired and all those who had sat at the table with him. There they were searched, and Du Plan coming in at the moment, still under agitation, went straight to Mazarin, and laying his hand upon his arm, taxed him with the crime, in a strain of emphatic vehemence:—'Knowest thou not, oh wretch! that I discern all things? I am he that searcheth the heart and the reins; the secrets of all thoughts are open to me. Dost thou not dread my awful judgments? Darest thou deny thy conspiracy with the enemies of my people? Confess, thou miserable wretch, confess!'

"Mazarin, in consternation, attempted to excuse himself, but Du Plan with redoubled fervour of expression, peremptorily added, that the poison was in Mazarin's snuff box, and in the folding of his coat-sleeve. Then was he fully convicted before us! My eyes were witness of all those passages. The snuff box was taken from his pocket filled with poison, and a packet of it wrapped in paper was found in his sleeve.

"Colonel Cavallier would not allow this traitor to be put to death, as none of the four inspirations had commanded it, but having severely reproved him, at night he was suffered to depart. An order for thanksgiving was issued, and this took place the next day.

"When Mazarin reached home, the reverend fathers, the Capuchins, who had set him to work, vexed at the loss of their money, demanded the repayment of it. The ancient Judas returned his bribe, but this would keep it. Not being otherwise able to excuse himself to so formidable an accuser as the Governor, he proposed to earn his bribe by giving a list of the persons in the city who were in correspondence with Cavallier, that they might be taken up. In effect, soon after Marshal Montrevel coming to Sauve, Mazarin had a conference with him, and the Marshal caused about sixty persons to be seized, among whom I was one. We were carried to Montpellier, and thence by sea to Perpignan. In our passage we met with a great storm, and were sore afraid of being lost. A young lad amongst the prisoners, however, fell into inspiration, and said, 'I tell thee, my child, I am he that convoys you: fear not. Within four hours, you shall be safe in port,'—and so it proved."

Cavallier continues that for some cause, which they did not understand, this Mazarin fell under the resentment of his employers, and singularly enough was sent to the same prison,

where he was turned amongst those he had betrayed. He came exactly a month after the Camisards, and they were, says Cavallier, strangely surprised to see him. The reproaches of the prisoners and his own conscience, made him keep apart from them in his own cell, where he soon fell into melancholy, thence into illness and died most miserably, having been glad to receive the prayers and friendly offices of his victims.

It is not to be supposed, notwithstanding these extraordinary demonstrations of the divine presence and aid, that the Camisards, any more than the Jews of old, became at once enfranchised from human weaknesses, or were made perfect. They had their occasional want of faith, when the terror of their enemies triumphed over their consciousness of God's presence: they murmured and erred. They were not exempt from that severe martyrdom which God in all ages has permitted to prove his church. It required frequently all the firmness and faith of the leaders to keep their people right, as it did in Moses with his Israelites. When the Lord's Supper was celebrated, however, the leader, under immediate inspiration, singled out such as should not be allowed at first to partake of it. The people excepted, always received the reproof with humility and signs of repentance. Elie Marion, in the *Théâtre Sacré*, gives an instance—"Brother Abraham Mazel here performed an extraordinary function. He was led by the spirit to take his place near the table, with his back turned towards the assembly, and as the people approached, under immediate direction of the Spirit, he excepted such as were not duly prepared. He exhorted them to retire and engage in prayer, and then return. This being done in words of brotherly love, they received them in deep humility, went away weeping, and praying earnestly to God for pardon and grace, and then returned and were admitted to the sacred rite."

But amongst the most miraculous facts asserted by the Camisards was that the bullets of the enemy were deadened in the cases of those who were told beforehand that they should not fall. "God," says Fage, "deadened the force of the enemy's bullets." I can confidently assert, that as God deprived the fire of its power, and did astonishing marvels of this kind amongst us, so he annihilated the force of bullets in the cases of those beforehand promised security by the Spirit. One of our soldiers shewed his jacket pierced by thirty-six bullets, some within two finger-breadths of each other, and that full on his body. He assured me that he took out three balls which lay flattened betwixt his shirt and his flesh. A friend of mine had his cap pierced by a ball, and took the ball out of his hair on the side of his head.

But the most astonishing were those miraculous testimonies by fire to which all the Camisards bear the most positive and

calm evidence. "To confound the murmurers," says Fage, who had let in doubts of their chief, because he was willing to treat with Villars, "Cavallier, when two thousand of the Camisards were praying in the open air at Calvisson, ordered a great pile of vine and olive branches to be made. A young woman, accompanied by two young prophets, who exhorted her to have faith in God, approached it. She fell on her knees and prayed with ever-augmenting fervour, that God would confer on her exemption from the power of fire. She commanded the whole multitude to kneel, menacing with the wrath of God all who refused to prostrate themselves before His glory which he was about to reveal in wonders. She then arose, entered the flaming pile, walked through it, returned, entered and returned again three times. The multitude, bursting into tears, cried aloud in admiration of the marvels of God. Silence being re-established, she fell on her knees, and prayed that she might be permitted to take fire in her hands as if it were water, and that instead of burning, it should refresh her. She arose, took coals of fire in her hands, held them, and then casting them back, followed by the two prophets, she retired into the crowd rejoicing and blessing God.

The great trial of faith by fire, however, which is most celebrated by all the Camisards, was that of Clary, one of their prophets and leaders. Cavallier, afterwards Colonel in Spain, having called a religious assembly near the tile-kiln of Serignan, betwixt Quisac and Somiere, on Sunday, in August, 1703, at about three in the afternoon, brother Clary, says Durand Fage, who was of our troop, a young man of about eight-and-twenty, who had care of the provisions, fell into an ecstasy. He declared that there were two persons in the assembly who came thither to betray us, and that if they did not repent of their design, he himself would discover them in the name of God. At these words, Cavallier, not questioning the truth of the inspiration, ordered about six hundred soldiers to surround the congregation, and to suffer no one to depart. Clary, continuing under inspiration, strongly agitated, his eyes closed, and his hands lifted up, immediately walked forward, and laid his hands on one of the traitors. The other, seeing his accomplice thus miraculously discovered, threw himself at the feet of Cavallier, confessing the guilt of them both, and imploring pardon. Cavallier ordered them to be bound and reserved for the judgment of the assembly; but Clary, still in ecstasy, cried aloud, that there were some present who suspected an understanding betwixt him and the two traitors; therefore, God would manifest his own power, and confound their disbelief. At that instant his agitation became greater than ever, and he cried out, in the spirit, "Oh! people

of little faith, do ye doubt my power, after all the wonders I have shown you. I tell thee, my child, that I will display my power and my truth. I command that a fire be lighted, and that thou place thyself in the midst of it. Fear not, for the flame shall not touch thee."

When these words were heard, there was a loud outcry of those who had doubted, begging pardon, and declaring themselves satisfied; praying God to spare the trial by fire, for they acknowledged that he knew their hearts. But Cavallier ordered the fire to be made. I was one of these, says Durand Fage, who fetched wood for it, and the branches being dry, for they had been collected for the use of the tile-kiln, the pile mingled with larger boughs was raised in the midst of the assembly. The fire was lighted, whether by himself or not I do not know, but when the flame began to mount, he went into the midst of it, and stood with his hands elevated, clasped together, and still in ecstasy. Clary had on a white blouse which his wife had brought him that morning, and he went on speaking amongst the flames, though what he said could not be understood, for besides the assembly, which consisted of five or six hundred people, the circle was surrounded by the six hundred men under arms, and all were on their knees, weeping passionately, praying, singing psalms, and crying "Pardon; mercy!" The fire was made in a low spot, so that all round on the hill-sides could see it, Clary in the midst of it, and the flames meeting above his head. The wife of Clary was near the fire in an agony of terror, and praying vehemently to God. I stood at her side, says Fage, supporting her and encouraging her all that I could. There were near her also two of her sisters, her father, one of her brothers, and several of the relatives of Clary. Those who collected the wood, also thrust the scattered branches into the fire till the whole was consumed. When the wood was burnt down and ceased to emit flame, Clary, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, walked out of the burning cinders, still under inspiration, but wholly untouched by the fire. His friends rushed to embrace him, and to congratulate him on that wondrous proof of his faith. I was one of the first, says Fage, to embrace him. I examined his white blouse and his hair, and on neither could I discern the least effect of the fire. His wife and relations were in transports of joy, praising God. Cavallier ordered a general prayer and thanksgiving for this great miracle, which God had vouchsafed to confirm the faith and courage of his servants. But to impress upon the doubters their crime, and to prevent the repetition of a scandal which shook their theocracy to its base, he prepared to administer the Lord's supper, and sent back all those who had doubted and murmured, as Salomon had done when he celebrated Easter at Verneda.

They were only admitted to that privilege after deep repentance, tears and prayer. Then this remarkable occasion was concluded by the triumphal singing a French version of the 104th psalm:—

Bénis le Seigneur, ô mon âme !
 Seigneur ! maître des dieux, roi de l'éternité,
 Sur ton trône éclatant, ceint d'un manteau de flamme,
 Tu régnes, couronné de gloire et de beauté !

By this sublime display of the Divine presence, the faith of the Camisards was raised to a pitch of ardour which for a long time carried everything before it. With all their errors, their sufferings and slaughterings, they eventually compelled Louis, with his sixty thousand men, and his most consummate generals, to make peace with them, though it was a hollow one. They lived to see the haughty monarch reduced to the utmost humiliation before his enemies; compelled to sue for peace; compelled to strip his palaces of their most precious things, and the very gold from his throne to maintain the war. They saw their brutal enemies and persecutors, Louvois and Bavière, and many others, die in disgrace and wretchedness. They saw the monarchy, which in its pride, sought to trample down all Protestant Europe, brought into the most fearful condition. The throne surrounded by furious menaces; every class groaning and murmuring; the nobles over their ruin and their abasement, the merchants and manufacturers over their bankruptcy; the peasantry in their misery, the Catholics scourged by the war as they had scourged the Protestants by persecution, all oppressed by the weight of a sceptre which had lost its splendour, and grew more heavy with the old age of the monarch. At length, he himself died, humbled, wretched, and without consolation, amidst the throngs of his women and his priests. They were amply avenged, and what was more, they were preserved, amidst many sorrows, and their children at the present day still occupy their mountains, made for ever illustrious by their fame, and still glory in their faith. All the slander and misrepresentations of their enemies have not been able to hide the wonderful truth. Their own hostile narratives only confirm the simple but surprising narratives of the Camisards. The priests and magistrates endeavoured to weaken the account of the fire-trial of Clary, by asserting that it was not true that he entirely escaped injury: that he was considerably burnt about the neck and the hands! To which those who read this statement will naturally reply:—

That is sufficient. If, after standing a quarter of an hour in a burning pile, sufficient to consume a martyr to ashes, Clary was only 'considerably burnt about the neck and the hands' we ask for greater miracle."

Even the historians of these scenes who assume the ground

of impartiality, and relate these things, with the qualifications, "as they believed," "as they assert," "as they thought," we find continually forgetting themselves, and breaking out into the most ample admission of their own faith in these marvels. Thus, Peyrat, in his *History of the Pastors of the Desert*, Vol. iv. p. 179, "Since Voltaire, it is difficult in France, to speak of prophecies and prodigies, without being overwhelmed with sarcasm and derision. Nevertheless, ecstasy is an incontestible and real condition of the soul. Phenomenal to-day, it was common in the infancy of the human race; in the early days of the world, when God loved to converse with man in his innocence, on the virgin soil of the earth. It was a kind of sixth sense, a faculty by which Adam contemplated the invisible, conversed face to face with the Eternal Wisdom, and like a child with its mother, lived with his Creator in the delicious groves of Eden. But after the fall, heaven became closed, God rarely descended amongst the lost race; man's divine sense was withdrawn from him, and the prophetic gift was only at intervals accorded to extraordinary messengers, charged with words of menace more frequently than those of love. All the primitive nations—Indians, Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Latins, Celts, Scandinavians, have had their Yogees, their Magi, their Seers, their Hierophants, their Sybils, their Druids, their Bards and Scalds, living in solitude, proclaiming the future, and commanding the elements. Scripture, so to say, is but the history of the Hebrew prophets, defenders of the Mosaic Law, and teachers of the people of Israel. Their miraculous appearance was irregular till Samuel, who united them into a body, and established the sacred school of the prophets on Mount Najo. When the Jews became unfaithful to the Mosaic institution, the democratic judge, reluctantly conceding their desire, gave them, as a counterpoise to royalty, the school of the prophets, which became a kind of theocratic tribunal.

The prophets, in effect, appear always in the Bible as the Divine tribunes of the people perpetually in conflict with the kings, whom they deposed and put to death, and who persecuted and exterminated them in return. The giant of the Hebrew prophets was Elijah. The Tishbite appears to have had for a soul the lightning of Jehovah itself. In the caves of Carmel, where he lived like an eagle, in the presence of the sea, and above the clouds, the terrible prophet watched at once over Jerusalem and Samaria. To attest his Divine mission, the Lord gave him empire over the elements. At his voice the sun consumed the earth, the clouds arose from the sea, fire descended from heaven upon the altar and devoured the sacrifice. His mission terminated, the prophet ascended to Jehovah in a car of fire drawn by the steeds of the tempest. Elijah comprehends in

himself all the gigantic and sombre poetry of the heroic age of the Jews. "The Reformation poured into the modern world like an inundation, the Hebrew genius, and the ancient civilization of the East. Rome, in sealing up the Bible, had closed its springs. Under the rod of Luther, who smote the rock, the Divine stream boiled forth impetuously. The modern nations, fainting from their tempestuous pilgrimage across the middle ages, precipitated themselves into these lakes of life. They plunged into them, they revived, they purified themselves; like birds which, after torrid heat, drink and wash themselves in the fountains. In this universal regeneration they were born again demi-Israelites. Heirs of the people of God, who are themselves for the present rejected, they to-day enjoy their laws, their customs, their phrases, their names, their hymns, their symbols, even to their very prophecy, and to those extatic visions in which God appeared to the patriarchs in the deserts of Asia. The revolutions of the Protestants have elevated their faith, which in the tempestuous fires to which it has been subjected, has sometimes boiled over all bounds, rising like steam towards the clouds, and descended in storms. The German Reformation produced the Anabaptists and the Peasant War; the English Reformation, the Puritans; and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Camisards."

THE REVEREND WILLIAM KER, M.A., ON FUTURE PUNISHMENT, IMMORTALITY, AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

FUTURE punishment: its nature, object, and duration, is a question of deepest interest and of keen discussion at the present time: those who watch the course of public opinion, know that it is in course of transition, that a great change—not only as regards men's conclusions, but still more, as regards the tone and temper of their minds, is visibly in progress. Let any one compare, for instance, the teaching of the mediæval church, or of old divines, with those of the modern pulpit on this point;—the language of some of the fathers, as Tertullian, or of an Anglican Bishop like Jeremy Taylor;—or still later, of a Puritan divine like Jonathan Edwards; with that of Beecher, of Bellevue, of Spurgeon, or of almost any *orthodox* contemporary preacher, to say nothing of others. The comparison is indeed a contrast; and if we carry it into works of a more broadly popular kind,

* *The Popular Ideas of Immortality, Everlasting Punishment, and the State of Separate Souls brought to the Test of Scripture.* By the REV. WILLIAM KER, M.A., Incumbent of Tipton. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

it becomes still more striking. For instance, in an illustrated "Book of Common Prayer, published by Authority," 1696, there is a plate of the Rich Man in Hell, in which the naked lost spirit, bound hand and foot, writhing in hopeless agony, is being pitchforked about in lurid flames by grinning, hideous devils, while Abraham, with Lazarus in his bosom, is looking down with apparent complacency on the spectacle. If such illustrations had not been highly popular, this one, made with evident gusto, could not have been introduced into the authorized and most common manual of devotion in the country. Such coarse, barbarous, revolting representations as were then common could now hardly be ventured upon by the rudest ranter, or be tolerated by any but the most illiterate fanatics, if even by them. An evidence of the growth of a milder spirit in theology is to be found in the extent to which Universalism has spread—not so much in our own country, perhaps, as on the Continent of Europe, and still more largely in America, where it is a powerful element in public opinion, both in the more highly educated, and among the mass of the community. The doctrine of endless vindictive punishment, inflicted by a God whom we are taught to worship as "Our Father," is found so utterly repugnant and incredible to the modern mind, that even in what are deemed the more orthodox churches, it is felt that to put this doctrine prominently forward, serves only to alienate men from the Christian faith altogether. It is interesting and instructive to note the struggles made by thoughtful men in the bosom of orthodoxy to escape from it. Beside the theory of the Universalists, there is that of the Destructionists, ably represented by such men as the Rev. C. F. Hudson, the Rev. E. White, the Rev. J. Panton Ham, and the author of the present work. These writers insist on the literal and common signification of the words "death" and "eternal," and of the various figures and metaphors by which, in Scripture, the fate of the wicked in the spiritual world is represented. While yet another theory, of which the Rev. F. D. Maurice is perhaps, in our day, the best representative, maintains that words and phrases to have a totally different signification and force. That the word "eternal," for instance, has no reference at all to duration, but to state; that "life" is not used as synonymous with existence, but is applied to quality of being,—to a right knowledge of God and conformity to His will. We do not, and cannot here discuss these differences; we simply indicate them, partly as evidencing the more thoughtful and humane views beginning to prevail, and partly for another reason more immediately in connection with the work under review, and which will presently appear.

Mr. Ker has evidently been a good deal exercised lately with

the question of Spiritualism. Unlike most of his class, he has actually investigated it before pronouncing judgment, and he honestly avows that the facts of the case are as the Spiritualists affirm. Here is his personal testimony:—

The writer of these pages has for a length of time bestowed great attention upon the subject, and is in a position to affirm with all confidence, from his own experience and repeated trials, that the alleged phenomena of Spiritualism are for by far the most part, the products neither of imposture nor delusion. *They are true, and that to the fullest extent.* Nay, the marvels which *he himself has witnessed* in the private retirement of his own home, with only a few select friends, and without having even so much as ever seen a public medium, are in many respects fully equal to any of the startling narratives which have appeared in print. He has found that there is an intelligence behind, or under, those varied manifestations, which can read our inmost thoughts; can, in many cases truly, predict coming events; can tell what may be at the moment passing in distant places; can answer mental questions, and which, in his experience, has not only replied correctly to those queries, but even to the secret thoughts and unspoken desires which gave rise to them.

We hope the writers of the press will take to heart the following justly-deserved rebuke which he administers to them:—

The author of these pages ventures to affirm that a greater mistake was never committed than in treating the claims of "Spiritualism," as for the most part they have been treated, with derision and contempt. Defended as it is by able writers, men of known integrity and acknowledged standing in society; appealing as it does to the evidence of our own senses for the truth of its alleged facts; and challenging for those facts, openly and confidently, the strictest and most stringent investigation—Spiritualism is surely deserving at least of calm and patient, if not of earnest and anxious inquiry.

And he "readily and thankfully acknowledged the good service they (the Spiritualists) have rendered to the cause of truth, by their able and spirited defence of the reality of the Scripture miracles; as well as by the determined barrier they oppose to the onward march of gloomy scepticism and infidelity."

Moreover, "from his own experience," he, "for a season verily believed that we had arrived at the time foretold by Joel (ii., 28.) The messages received, purporting to be from departed friends, were so scriptural, so Christian, and so loving in their character, that for a time he was *more than half* persuaded that, in these latter days, the curtain which conceals from our ordinary senses the invisible world had been lifted up; and that this intercourse had been not only sanctioned but commissioned of God, for the comfort of His servants still in the bondage of the flesh."

What, then, it will be asked, is the good man's contention with Spiritualism? He thus states it in the paragraph following the one just quoted:—

With such feelings he sat down to the study of the writings of the leading Spiritualists, *earnestly desiring* to find in them confirmation of his fond hopes. But, alas, those hopes were only too soon dissipated, and he was brought face to face with the stern fact that to be a Spiritualist (in the technical or party sense of the word), he must cease to be a Christian. He found that, one by one, he should be compelled to surrender every stronghold of the "faith which was once delivered

to the saints." He discovered to his intense horror and dismay that, if the teachings of the spirits were to be followed out to their legitimate conclusions, all the distinctive doctrines of our holy religion must be abjured and forsaken. The divinity of Christ, his atoning sacrifice, justification by faith, the advent in glory of the Son of God, the resurrection of the body, the final judgment, all must go, and nothing remain but a dry system of moral ethics, calculated only to inflate beyond all bounds the already exorbitant pride and self-conceit of the human heart.

Now this "discovery," it will be seen, is after all, purely an inference; moreover, it is just the opposite one to that which (to our own knowledge) many of "the leading Spiritualists" have drawn. It belongs to that class of discoveries which can be imparted only to a very select number of congenial minds. Mr. Ker does not seem aware that Spiritualists are to be found in all churches, that, moreover, neither the teachings of spirits, nor of Judge Edmonds, to which he refers in a foot-note, nor of any other writer, are accepted by Spiritualists *as authority*. On all the matters, to which he refers, and on others of a like kind, they claim that the individual judgment and conscience must be left free. Spiritualism makes no pretension of being a short and easy method to settle all differences of religious opinion, and of saving men all trouble of personal investigation and inquiry.

It seems to us that Mr. Ker's method is altogether faulty. He draws certain inferences as to what the teachings of Spiritualism *must* lead to. He draws certain other inferences as to what are the teachings of Scripture on these points. The two sets of inferences do not harmonize in his mind. And as he confounds his inferences as to the teachings of Spiritualism with those teachings themselves, and claims for his interpretations of Scripture, and his inferences from those interpretations, the authority which he believes due to the Scriptures, it is no wonder that as regards Spiritualism his conclusions are as adverse as they are, on right principles of reasoning, unsatisfactory. We question on these points neither his learning nor his honesty; and would only remind him that many men, of at least equal learning and honesty, and who have given the utmost attention to them, have arrived at quite opposite conclusions. By his own avowal, on some points which he deems most fundamental, he is at odds with the bulk of the Christian world, if Spiritualists are wrong therein, they thus at all events are so in common with the majority of Christendom, and their errors in theology are not therefore chargeable to their special views as Spiritualists.

The distinctive argument of Mr. Ker's book is, that man is not naturally or universally immortal,—that eternal or unending life is not a part of man's nature, but the "free gift of God through Jesus Christ." This, and the doctrine that the state of the departed saints is essentially "one of quiescence and repose," he

tells us, are "precisely the two grand points on which Spiritualism is most assailable. . . . If these two facts be established, then the whole fabric of 'Spiritualism' (technically so-called) falls to the ground." How so? Spiritualism is the affirmation that spirits can and do communicate with men. Is that true? Mr. Ker himself, from his own experience, affirms that it is; and, moreover, cites from Scripture the communication made by the spirit of the prophet Samuel to Saul, and that of Moses and Elias to the disciples, in proof of it; and he further affirms that, "for reasons wise and holy," such revisitations are permitted—"perhaps oftener than many, imbued with the prejudices of education and the materialism of the present age, would be disposed to allow."

Nor is it true, that Spiritualists, generally, hold that life, either now or hereafter, is held by man as an independent inheritance, as if God had nothing to do with it. One of the most accredited writers on this subject, W. M. Wilkinson, in his work on "*Spirit Drawings*," beautifully says:—

But if there were any difficulty in believing that spirits and angels are in the human form, there will be no one who will doubt as to the divine origin of their life, nor that it is from God alone, the Creator, the Preserver, the Redeemer of our souls; nay, even more, although the great truth is sometimes forgotten by philosophy, that God, *every moment of our lives*, is the perpetual Creator of all life, *renewing it from instant to instant*, and again perpetually renewing it to eternity. Truly it is "He that hath made us, and not we ourselves;" and we were not "made" complete in our mother's womb, with only the elements of growth and life within us, but it is necessary that the life must be renewed and sustained by the constant influx of His creative love, for the soul *is not life in itself, but is only a recipient of life from God*. The great evil of the current philosophy has been to overlook and ignore this divine origin of our life, and to treat of the influx of life as from the man's soul into the rational faculties, forgetting to inquire how the life enters into and vivifies the soul, and how it is momentarily sustained within us.

While on this point, we would set ourselves right with Mr. Ker on a similar matter, in which he has also misapprehended us. He assures his readers that the favourite argument of the Spiritualists is, "that the 'manifestations,' now so common, prove the immortality of the soul," while, in point of fact, "they prove nothing of the kind." . . . The soul may survive the body, and yet not be immortal; for the period or term of its existence depends entirely upon its original constitution, and the declared purpose of God concerning it." It is, no doubt, true that Spiritualists adopt the popular language on this point; and as Materialists always rest their case on the ground that the body is the man, and that its death is therefore the extinction of his entire being, their whole case is sufficiently met by the "manifestations, now so common," which prove that the spirit survives the body. This is all that is really meant. Not only is immortality, in the strict sense of the term, not demonstrated; but it cannot admit of

demonstration. There will always be room for the exercise of Hope and Faith. *Continuous life* is demonstrated ; whilst on the other hand, not a particle of evidence can be produced to shew that the life of any human spirit who has once passed the bourne of mortality, has, as a fact, ever ceased to be. The evidence, therefore, both negative and affirmative, if not absolute demonstration, approaches it as nearly as the nature of the case can possibly admit of. Spiritualists, in their writings, carefully guard against this very misconception which Mr. Ker imputes to them. Thus, Mr. Brevior, in his "*Two Worlds*," remarks :—

To prevent the possibility of cavil or misapprehension, it may here be advisable to state that I use the term "immortality" to signify the Future Life of man after the death of the body. I am aware that the question has been raised whether this necessarily involves "immortality" in the strict sense of the word. Possibly, it may not *necessarily*, though it will be generally conceded that it does so *practically*. Absolute demonstration of immortality is of course impossible, as it necessarily transcends all experience; but in proving that man survives the body, and that there is a spirit-world, the whole fabric of materialism with all its appurtenances is swept away; and if there be any further discussion of the question, it must be carried into a higher sphere; it is no longer (even in *seeming*) a physical, but a *moral* question.

As to the repose or activity of spirits, these are terms of degree. The repose of a man is not the repose of a stone, or of a beast. There is no true repose without an alternating activity: the one implies the other. As a poet with true insight has said:—

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.
'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best;
'Tis onwards, unswerving,
And *that* is TRUE REST.

It is not disputed that the departed saints repose from all enforced, wearisome labours; but this is not inconsistent with such activity as the facts of Spiritualism disclose; nor with the view of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, who asks, concerning the angels—"Are they not *all* ministering spirits, *sent forth* to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

We hold that Spiritualism, or any other principle or fact under investigation, should be judged of by its own appropriate evidence, and on its own merits alone, and not by its conformity or nonconformity to any theological standard. We have had more than enough of the opposite method. The attempt to test and determine 'scientific truth by a standard of theology has

proved injurious alike to both: it has retarded the one and discredited the other. If a truth must first prove its conformity to creeds, it will stand but a poor chance. If it prove acceptable to the largest and oldest church in Christendom, it will be denounced as Papal by Protestants of every shade, if it is in agreement with the "Reformed" Faith, it will, of course, by Catholics be reprobated as Protestant. If approved by Calvinists, it will be denounced by Arminians. Every Dunker and New Jerusalemite and narrow sect will demand that it speak its Shibboleth, and be of the exact pattern and dimensions of its Little Bethel. If it asserts only those great elementary principles common and fundamental to all churches, then it will certainly be accused by all of sacrificing "the distinctive truths of Christianity,"—a euphemism for those peculiarities (generally trifling ones) which distinguish and separate the churches from each other.

If the experience of Christendom is good for anything, it should by this time have taught us that the great questions of the soul and its destiny are not to be settled by mere critical exegesis and textual interpretation, by learned dissertations to determine which is the correct one among various readings, or to settle the force of an oriental metaphor or of a Greek participle. These philological subtleties may amuse and even instruct scholarly men, but they can never touch the great heart of humanity. For that end a very different course is needed:—the appeal must be made to plain, simple, fundamental truths; to the moral nature of man; and to the Divine Spirit within him. This, we believe, will be found not only most effectual for this purpose, but in the end, most in harmony with the spirit of the New Testament, and with the principles of the Great Teacher.

Archdeacon Hare, correcting the old proverb, tells us that not second but *third* thoughts are best; second thoughts, like the swing of the pendulum, generally going to the extreme in an opposite direction to that of its first impulse, while, on the third beat it recovers its more equable motion. So with Mr. Ker, his first thought of Spiritualism seems to have been that it was a sort of beginning of the millennium in fulfilment of ancient prophecy; his second thought is that "the whole of this movement, from first to last, is a deep and crafty device of the enemy to draw men from the Saviour, and to prepare the way for 'the antichrist' of the last days"; and that the spirits are "demons from the abyss." We believe that on more sober *third* thoughts he will come to the conclusion that spirits, embodied or disembodied, are neither all angels nor all devils, but of every varying grade and quality; and that it depends very much on ourselves as to the company we keep, and the use we make of it.

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.*

III.

FROM another letter of F. S. in the *Empire* newspaper, Sydney, N. S. W., we make the following extracts (the letter is too long to be given entire) :—

The great fault of those who dispute the realness of the phenomena called spiritual, consists in their sedulously avoiding the only satisfactory method of studying the subject. They will not experiment; they will not put the question to nature in the proper way, and under the requisite conditions; they will not form a circle out of their own friends and acquaintances; but, on the contrary, should they experiment at all, they almost invariably seek the presence and aid of a *paid medium*, who either has, or at least may reasonably be suspected of having a strong motive for deceiving them. And should they form a circle out of their own friends, or out of those on whose integrity they can implicitly rely, and then fail to obtain results at the first sitting, they straightway become disgusted, abandon the inquiry, and denounce all who have more skill and greater perseverance than themselves as humbugs and impostors. Such conduct is unreasonable in the extreme. It is necessary sometimes to sit for many nights in order to witness even the most trivial manifestation. The writer has formed a circle repeatedly, without obtaining any proofs whatever of spirit-presence and power. Rarely, however, has this occurred for more than three times in succession, so that if experimenters would only persevere, they would almost certainly obtain the desired results. A clear sky, and bracing atmosphere, appears to be extremely conducive to success. This seemingly indicates the operations of some physical agent. On hot muggy nights, when the air is loaded with moisture, and the nervous system of man is relaxed, oppressed, and weary, spiritual circles generally end in disappointment. I do not wish to rush precipitately to a conclusion on this point, and therefore apprise the reader that in making such a statement, respecting the influence of the weather, I merely give utterance to the impression produced on me by my own experiments. Those who doubt the genuineness of the phenomena, never take this into account, but utterly regardless of unfavourable atmospheric conditions, and all other causes of failure that may be present and operative at the moment of experimenting, they seize on the fact of failure, as a proof that the whole of the alleged phenomena are unreal, and produced only as the results of trick and imposture. This inference, to say the least of it, is hasty, and appears to me most illogical and deceptive. Yet the argument put forth in a large proportion of the articles against Spiritualism which have appeared in the *Saturday Review*, the *London Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other Journals, is founded upon and pervaded by this cardinal and most deceptive idea. Any examination of Spiritualism conducted in accordance with a canon of experiment so loose and disorderly, must necessarily end in failure and disappointment.

The writer contends that the first point in the inquiry is to determine as to the reality of the alleged facts. These, he thinks, are demonstrable, whatever theory or hypothesis, physical or spiritual, we may adopt to explain them. He says:—

All the facts which I have had an opportunity of noting seemingly tend in the latter direction. It must, however, be evident that, in either case, the phenomena will exert a mighty influence over human opinions, and especially over those which relate to religious and spiritual matters. The spiritual movement will either establish, beyond all doubt, the fundamental ideas underlying

* For previous articles, see Vol. IV., Nos. 2 and 6. The present article has been some time in type, but has been delayed through pressure of other matter.

all religious belief, or it will destroy, or at least render uncertain all evidence adducible in support and attestation of anything supernatural.

After recording a long conversation with the spirits at a *séance*, chiefly interesting to the persons present, the writer proceeds:—

During the time the foregoing colloquy was taking place some strange sensations were experienced by myself, in my hands and arms. My right hand, and a portion of my right arm, became benumbed, and felt much pained, and both hands were occasionally pressed down on the table with great force. The influence seemed to pass from the elbows to the hands; and, obviously, it was through me that the table was caused to tip. The table tipped out the answers as long as Mrs. P. and myself were seated at it and formed the circle; but the moment my son touched the table, it ceased tipping and began to rap. He then formed a part of the circle, and the answers were afterwards given, partly by tips, but mostly by raps. The raps were quite distinct, and loud, and were made sometimes on the table, and sometimes on the back of the chair on which I was sitting, and sometimes on the back of Mrs. P.'s chair. I scarcely know on what theory a philosopher would attempt to account for these phenomena. The theory of muscular pressure unconsciously applied, assisted by any conceivable amount of influence from the imagination, would fail utterly as a means of explaining the raps, and likewise the tips, because both obviously belong to the same class of phenomena. Hence, whatever theory we may adopt with a view of explaining one class of the facts must be broad enough to cover all the phenomena. As far as these phenomena enable me to judge the same agent that caused the table to tip also answered by raps, and confessedly the raps were beyond the reach of mere unconscious muscular pressure.

At the next circle meeting we held there were four persons present, *viz.*, the three persons mentioned as having been present at the previous circle meeting, and the writer's wife. The phenomena elicited were chiefly physical. It was at this meeting that I obtained the first satisfactory proof of the fact that a ponderable body can be moved without contact. I saw a small and very light table move three times at my request, as a proof and attestation of the presence of a spirit. I asked the supposed ghost if it could satisfy my doubts by moving the table when all our hands were off, and was told by the raps that it could and would do so. I then asked it to move the table, and the table moved about six or seven inches; I asked it to move the table again, and the table was moved back into its former position; I asked it to move the table a third time, and the table was moved a third time over a lesser distance. We all saw this. Every hand was held fully a foot above the table. There was no Signor Blitz, or Robert Houdin present to impose on us. All the persons in the apartment were incapable of practising a deception morally, and still more so physically. It could not have been an optical illusion, because three other persons saw it as well as myself. Nor is there on record any analogous case of collective hallucination. The fact, therefore, remains evident, to us at least, that a ponderable body was moved by an invisible power, at the request of a man, and in attestation of the real presence of what purported to be a spirit. And if every man could have the same evidence that we then had of the realness of the movement, all doubt on that point would be for ever set aside.

After some further details the writer continues:—

About eight o'clock, on the evening of the 11th of December, the night on which the *seance* was held, the writer and another gentleman called at the telegraph office, Wollongong, and, through the courtesy of the station master, inquired of the Sydney station, had the mail steamer arrived, receiving a reply to the effect that no intelligence of her had then reached Sydney. On the following morning, the *Illawarra Express* newspaper, issued an extraordinary, in which was stated that the mail steamer *Balclutha*, with English news on board, had reached Adelaide at one o'clock that morning. This was certainly within the 24 hours mentioned by the spirit, but still there was an apparent discrepancy,

viz., the spirit had stated she would reach Glenelg, and the telegraph said she had arrived at Adelaide. In the afternoon of the 12th inst., we received the *Sydney Morning Herald* of that date, from which I clip the following paragraph: "The Balclutha, with the Adelaide portion of the English mail, arrived at Glenelg Pier, at 1 a.m. this morning, having made the passage in 100 hours." So the Spirit was right after all, and had fairly beaten the telegraph, conveying the news of the arrival of the mail, fully three hours before it had reached Sydney, and fully ten or eleven hours before it reached Wollongong. All, therefore, which had been predicted respecting the arrival of the mail was correct. The Balclutha, branch steamer, with the transhipped mails on board, must have been less than six hours distant from Glenelg at the time that the spirit gave information to that effect. We did receive a telegram of English news before the lapse of a day from the time of the *séance*, and the news reached Glenelg, before the lapse of a day also. In America, too, success continued with the Federals, and a doctor of great eminence, namely, Sir Benjamin Brodie, was mentioned in the obituary."

On the 13th of December, 1862, a circle meeting was held at the same house, from the report we take the following extract:—

A spirit then announced itself, and, upon being asked who it was, it tipped out F. S. "Spell out your name?" "Frederick Sincla—." "Is it Frederick Sinclair?" "Yes." "Are you really my son Frederick?" "Yes." "Give me a communication that will convince me of your identity, that is, that you are really the spirit of my deceased son?" The table then tipped out, "Mother dear, put not your love too much upon E——." "Do you mean by E——, Edith my daughter?" "Yes." "Why should she not put her love too much upon Edith? Spell out a word that will convey an idea of your meaning." "Sinful." "Do you mean then, this:—Mother dear, put not your love too much upon Edith as it is sinful." Very decided tips and movements on the table responded in the affirmative. I then said, "Go on with the communication;" and it continued, "Forget me not, papa."

This part of the communication was to me very remarkable, "Papa" being almost the only word which the writer's son could articulate during his life on the earth. The day before he died, whilst lying on his death-bed, in a state of high fever, he kept every now and then exclaiming "Papa!" "Mamma!" He died at the age of fifteen months, of some disease of the brain brought on by dentition, or, at least aggravated by the irritation which dentition occasions. The communication to his mother was pertinently appropriate to the facts of the case, as she is intensely devoted to her infant daughter, Edith. Whether such intense devotion to a child be sinful, or otherwise, is a very wide and highly debatable question, the discussion of which would open up a whole sea of speculation, and lead to interminable wrangling.

Notices of Books.

THE FUTURE LIFE: A CRITICAL HISTORY, WITH BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

A TRULY great work. A monument of careful research and valuable reflection. A library in a single volume. An epitome of the thought of mankind on the destiny of man. Not, however, a dry, meagre compilation; but an orderly, well-digested

* *A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life. With a Complete Bibliography of the Subject.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: CHILDS. May be had in London of J. BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

history, in which each part is found in its proper place, and in its due proportion ; and both the subject-matter and style sustaining the interest of the thoughtful reader unabated to the end. A work of so large a scope and magnitude will not admit of analysis in the brief space at our disposal ; we can therefore only say that it is characterised by copiousness of information, comprehensiveness of plan, carefulness of arrangement, clearness of explanation, and catholicity of spirit. It is the product of twelve years' anxious labour of search and research in every available direction, and of examination and re-examination of every mooted point. We feel it is not going too far to say that it is the most valuable contribution yet made to the literature of Spiritualism. And its value as a critical history of opinion, is further enhanced by the classified and annotated catalogue of 5,000 works and articles by Ezra Abbot, which forms an appendix to the work. We fully endorse the statement of Mr. Alger on this point, that "Every student who henceforth wishes to investigate any branch of the historical or philosophical doctrine of the immortality of the soul, or of a future life in general, may thank Mr. Abbot for an invaluable aid."

The catalogue contains an appendix of works on *Modern Spiritualism or Spiritism, Ghosts, etc.* Mr. Abbot warns us that 'only a few of the more remarkable works relating to this subject are here noticed.' We hope to supplement this branch of his catalogue in an early number, by a fuller list of these works, and which we hope will be found useful to inquiring students.

NATURE AND MAN.

The old Earth still is fresh and strong,
And wreathes her brow with flowers ;
The Stars still sing their ancient song,
As troop the joyous Hours.

'Tis we alone are dull and sad,
In us the difference lies ;
Nature is ever young and glad
In youthful happy eyes.

The heart reflects on all around,
Its evil or its good ;
And every sight, and every sound,
Reflects its varying mood.

THOMAS BREVIER.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

The Westminster Club, July 22nd, 1865.

SIR,—In the autumn of 1863, I was visiting at a friend's house in the country, and as several members of the family have considerable medium power, we spent many a pleasant hour in conversation with our invisible friends. One evening the spirit of Sir I. Newton announced himself, and gave us the following message:—"I wish the mathematicians of Europe to know that my Principia is not the ultimate limit of human thought, as they will prove in a few years."

In July, 1865, the great mathematicians are assembled at King's College, to hear Professor Sylvester explain at last the theory which has so puzzled the world, and (with his fourteen pages of close figures, and no end of intercalated illustration) explain the elementary proof and generalization of Sir Isaac Newton's hitherto undemonstrated "rule for the discovery of imaginary roots." Sir Isaac knew that such "roots" existed; he could assume them, and find them always right on application; but neither he nor any one else could give explanation or demonstration of the rule. It was the great dream and ambition of his life to make the discovery which Professor Sylvester has just worked out.

I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

SAM. R. CARNELL

To the Editor of the Spiritual Magazine.

SIR.—I send you an account, taken from old documents, of the vision of Henry I., while in Normandy, in the year 1130, which may not be unacceptable to your readers. It seems to have been composed of what may be termed three tableaux—Farmers, Soldiers, and Priests; and its object, to reprove that monarch for his sins, which it appears to have effected, as he thereupon reformed his life, and became an altered man. The phraseology, though obsolete, possesses nevertheless, a quaintness which I think would be destroyed if modernized. I therefore send it as it is. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

S.

A.D. 1126. Sone aftir appered onto this kyng mervelous visiones. First, he sey in his slep a gret multitude of plowmen, with swech instrumentis as thei use, come ageyn him as thouth they wolde kille him. Than sey he a multitude of armed men, with speres and dartis ageyn him. In the third vision cam prelatis, with here crosses and croces,* sore thretyng him. The king wouk, ros, and took his sward in his hand, wenyng† at had be soth. This same vision was schewid to a lech. They clepid him Grimbald, and he warned the kyng, as Daniel ded Nabugodonosor, to redeme his sinnes with elmesse.‡

Sone aftir this he went into Normandy, for to wite§ of his doutir were with child. And as he cam fro hunting, he desired gretly to ete a lamprey; for that mete loved he wol, and evir it ded him harme, this mete caused him a feyrr, of wheech he deied. He regned xxxv. yere."—*Capgrave's Chronicle of England*, A. D. 1417, p. 164.

See also, Roger Twysden's "*Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Decem*," A.D. 1652, also "*Florence of Worcester*," M.S., A. D., 1150.

* Crosiers.

† Supposing.

‡ Alms.

§ Ascertain.